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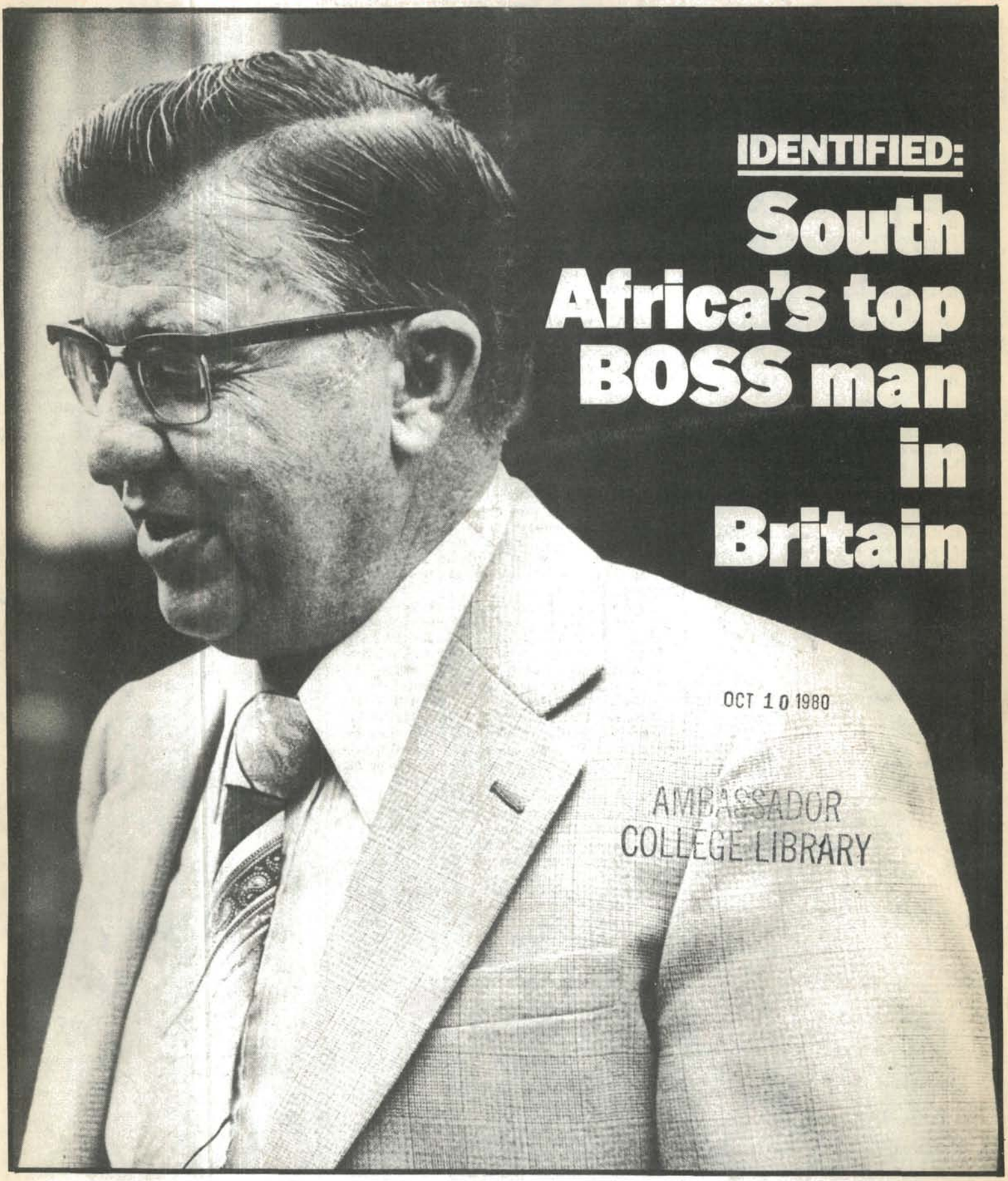

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Lord Carver: in defence of NATO
Meetings with Edgar Tekere
Moral Rearmament and the road lobby

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NEW STATESMAN

Volume 100 15 August 1980 No 2578

Contents

2 **Notes: Drug-dumping in the Third World; Ceylon's democracy suspended; Public sector job security; Sellout on children with special needs; Scottish housing; Bolivia's striking miners**
4 **Tories miss D Notice evidence:** Duncan Campbell & Christopher Hird
5 **US Democratic convention:** Claudia Wright
Meetings with Edgar Tekere: David Ward
6 **Defending the motor car:** Mick Hamer & Patrick Wintour
8 **BOSS in Britain:** Martin Bailey
10 **Adwest & the new picketing code:** Patrick Wintour
Evidence suppressed on West Bank bombing: Tim Coone
Israelis gag Palestinian organisation: Ian Black
11 **Development & women in India:** Anna Coote
12 **In defence of Nato:** Field Marshal Lord Carver
13 **London Diary:** Christopher Hitchens
14 **Letters**
15 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts
16 **Fin-de-siècle Vienna:** J. P. Stern
17 **New novels:** Nicholas Shrimpton
18 **Britain's internees during World War II:** David Pryce-Jones
19 **The biography of Somerset Maugham:** Julian Barnes
21 **Classical records — re-issues of golden oldies:** Andrew Clements
22 **Hedda according to Marowitz:** Christopher Edwards
22 **Prostitutes, singers and football on TV:** Julian Barnes
23 **David Mercer remembered:** Don Taylor
24 **Preview of films for Edinburgh:** David Wilson
24 **Weekend Competition**
25 **Chess and crossword**

Cover photograph: Michael Bennett

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New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
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NOTES

Banned drug dumped in Mozambique

Anne Karpf writes: Despite periodic bursts of international concern, drug-dumping in the Third World continues unabated. The latest drug discovered being dumped is Amidopyrine, a seemingly benign analgesic which causes the bone-marrow to stop producing white blood cells, so opening the way to infection. Carol Gates, a 27-year-old British teacher working in Mozambique, caught a fever in August 1979. She bought some analgesic tablets under the brand name 'Cibalgin' (manufactured by Ciba-Geigy Ltd) without prescription from a pharmacy in Beira. She took them for four days, and was beseiged by frightening symptoms: painful white spots on her mouth and gums appeared, with lip ulcers and pain in a tooth, she vomited and developed a high temperature. She was eventually flown for treatment to a hospital in Johannesburg. Most of her symptoms subsided, but she'll need surgery because some of her gums disappeared and the dead bone in her mouth must be removed.

Her condition is called agranulocytosis, and is a known result of amidopyrine. The drug was withdrawn in Sweden, Britain, and America, and in 1977 drug regulatory bodies in several countries including Switzerland recommended its withdrawal. In a letter to doctors in February 1977, Ciba-Geigy and Sandoz (both Swiss) announced their intention to reformulate all products containing amidopyrine before the end of the year, yet a Ciba-Geigy representative was distributing free samples of Cibalgin in Maputo, the Mozambique capital, in late 1979. The Monthly Index of Medical Specialities (MIMS) Africa, for March 1980, the latest available, includes products containing amodopyrine from Ciba-Geigy, Sandoz, Hoechst, Ravensberg (West Germany), and Polfa (Poland). It would be impossible to estimate how many Africans have taken the drug and suffered side effects similar to those which afflicted Carol Gates.

The Gates case was raised by two doctors in a letter to *The Lancet* last week. Paul Epstein, the physician who treated Carol Gates in Africa, and John S. Yudkin, formerly of the Faculty of Medicine, Dares-Salaam, have called upon the World Health Organisation to control the marketing practices used by the pharmaceutical industry in the Third World. The problem is that the WHO has always declined to take a policing role, preferring to rely on a voluntary scheme (in which Switzerland doesn't participate). Some Third World countries, Mozambique included, are trying to limit the drugs they import.

There is a certain irony in the fact that a British national fell victim to drug-dumping: for although in this case a Swiss company was to blame, Britain's own regulations are far from perfect. Clause 48 of the 1968 Medicines Act says that drugs produced by British companies for export only need not be licensed by the DHSS for safety and efficacy (unlike drugs used in the UK) until there is an international agreement on the matter. There is no sign of any such agreement being reached.

Ceylon's democracy 'suspended'

Francis Wheen writes: Three days after a state of emergency was declared in Ceylon last month, in reaction to the threat of a general strike, President Jayewardene declared: "If the intention of the strike is to frighten the government, it won't succeed.' The events of the past week suggest that even if the regime is not yet frightened, it is becoming decidedly edgy. Five opposition parties asked for permission to hold a joint public meeting on Tuesday of this week; the authorities replied that this could take place only if the parties gave a written promise that the meeting would include no mention of the strikes which are taking place and no criticism of the government.

After last Friday's demonstration in the centre of Colombo several trade union leaders — including Amil Munasinghe, a former minister — were detained, and will probably be charged with inciting violence. Another former minister, Colvin de Silva, leader of the Moscow-leaning LSSP, was held but was later released. Under the emergency provisions the police have the power to detain people for up to 14 days without charge, and bail cannot be granted without the express consent of the Attorney-General.

These actions all suggest that President Jayewardene is deeply worried. His greatest fear is that the economic and administrative chaos caused by the strike may lead to a flight of foreign investment.

The present crisis began when the country's unions called a general strike last month. Their demands were for a wage increase of Rs300 per month (about £8), for index-linking of future rises (Ceylon's inflation rate is now about 40 per cent) and for the dropping of charges against unionists who had participated in a 'day of action' in June. The railway workers struck first, on 11 July, followed by the government clerical workers. Other unions had agreed to call their members out from 18 July onwards, but on 17 July the government declared a state of emergency and, in effect, made strikes illegal. At the same time they issued a communique informing workers who did not return to work at once that they 'need not attend office on Monday as they are no longer in government or corporation service.' Over 50,000 people were sacked under this rule (some union sources in Colombo put the total as high as 100,000), but the government has found some difficulty in filling these new 'vacancies', particularly in skilled jobs such as railway engineering.

All meetings not approved by the government of Ceylon's 'Democratic Socialist Republic' are banned. Bank accounts of all trade unions sympathetic to the strike have been frozen. Complete press censorship has been enforced: government-controlled newspapers have found little difficulty in complying with this, but opposition papers are appearing with blank spaces where 'offending' articles should have been printed.

Derek Speirs (IFL/Report)

This British soldier was among the six soldiers that came out of the barracks — at Fort Monagh in Belfast — when a British 'Troops Out' movement picket took place last week.

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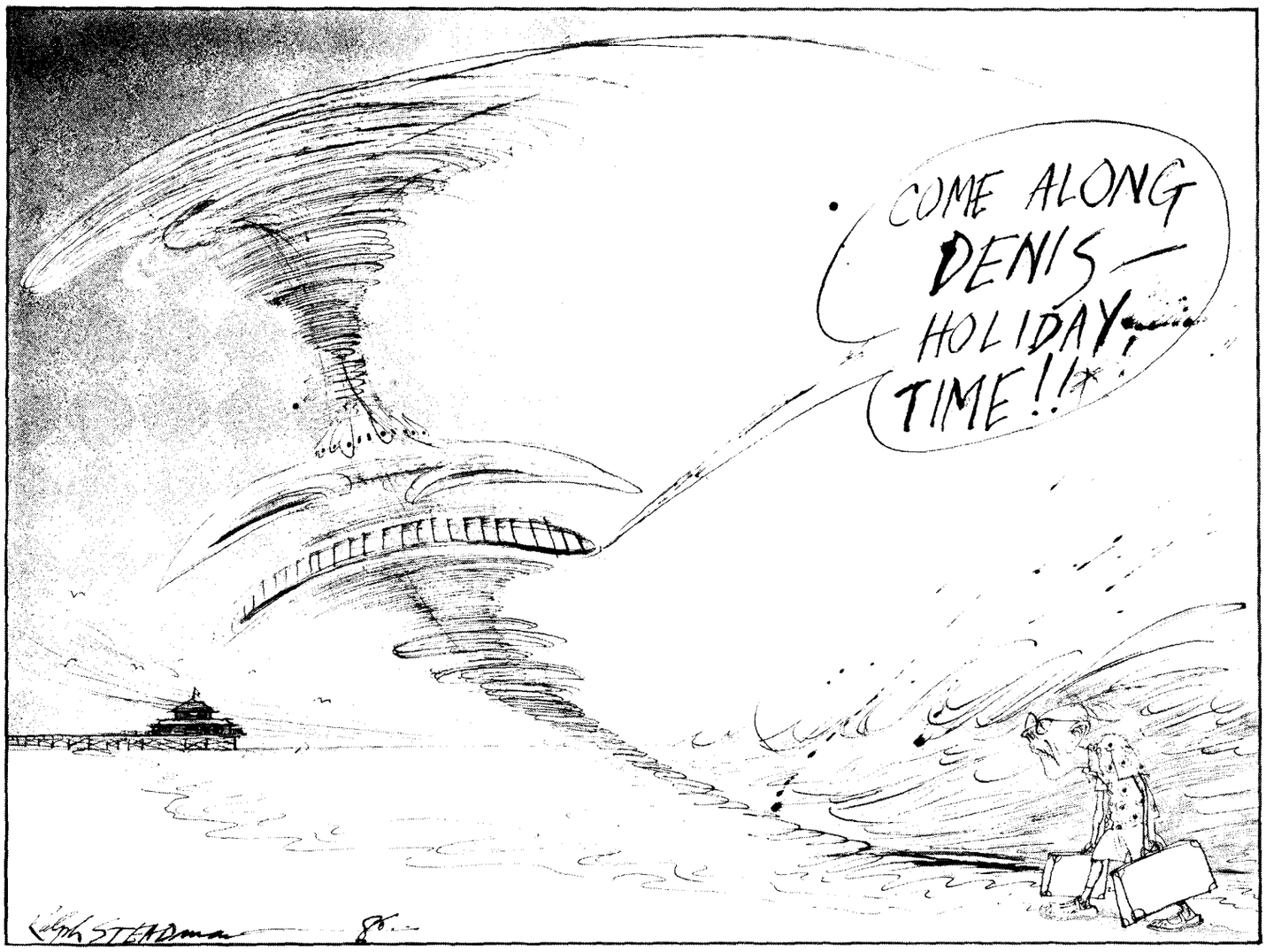

Sacked for 'some other substantial reason'

John McGuiggan writes: Last year when Tory-controlled Nottinghamshire County Council sacked 140 Nursery Assistants, they claimed that the sackings were forced upon them by Central Government policy, and justified on the grounds of reduced services and redundancy. The public services union NUPE, who organised the Nursery Assistants, disagreed and took a test case to an Industrial Tribunal. The Tribunal's decision, just released, has serious implications for future job security in the public sector.

The union argued that for dismissal by redundancy to be fair, the employer had to 'cease or intend to cease to carry on the business for the purposes of which the employee was employed by him' (Section 81 (2) of the Employment Protection (Consolidation) Act). As the council had not reduced the number of children receiving nursery education, the union argued that they had not 'ceased the business' and that for the safety and welfare of the children, the employees who had been dismissed were still required. A Headmaster from one of the schools hit by the redundancies admitted that the only way he could implement the council's policy and still cope was by secretly reducing the number of children on the nursery role.

The tribunal agreed that the sackings were not due, as the council claimed, to redundancy. But it ruled that the sackings were 'fair' for 'some other substantial reason' as allowed by section 57(1) (b) of the Act. It is not clear from the decision exactly what the 'other substantial reason' is. It could be an assumed state of 'financial stringency' in the council. But Nottinghamshire County Council had close to £30 million in reserves at the time they made the sackings, and in addition levied one of the lowest rates in the county. Perhaps the council's claim that it received Central Government instructions to make cuts amounted to the 'other substantial reason'. But, as the union argued, no such instructions had ever been given; local authorities were constituted as independent and autonomous bodies, answerable only to their own electorate. The tribunal may have believed that the council's freedom to make local political decisions constituted a 'subtantial reason' for 'fair' wholesale sackings. If so, all that will be required in future for mass public sector sackings, without compensation, will be a council committee vote.

The tribunal's decision will probably be subject to an appeal, but the case is bound to reinforce the more traditional union view that direct action is the most effective response in the battles against the cuts.

No help for children with special schooling needs

Rick Rogers writes: Hidden in last week's White Paper on special educational needs is a major policy statement on the right of parents to see their children's school records. The Government recommends that children with special needs should be 'recorded' by the local authority (LEA). But it also 'agrees with the widely-held view that it would be wrong to require full disclosure to parents of the professional reports lying behind the record. Professional reports must remain confidential if they are to give the LEA fully and frankly the information it needs in assessing and meeting special educational needs.'

Now the Government well knows that all parent and consumer organisations are firmly in favour of open access to records and reports, as are a growing number of professionals. But having thus spelt out its hard line policy on access to records, the Government still claims to be 'consulting' on the issue.

Last Friday, Education Minister Rhodes Boyson quietly announced (in a written parliamentary answer) that regulations on 'the keeping disclosure and transfer of educational records about pupils' are to be ready for April 1981. That *should* have meant a period of consultation on the proposed regulations. So the Tory claim of producing a 'parents' charter' is a fiction.

The White Paper is the official response to the 1978 Warnock Report. Warnock's key recommendations were: a broader concept of special needs to include not only children with mental or physical disabilities, but with emotional or behavioural disorders and significant learning difficulties; more detailed schemes of assessment and recording of needs; and greater flexibility of provision across ordinary and special schools — i.e. large-scale integration into ordinary schools.

All of this the Government claims to agree with. But the key point in Warnock was the need for extra cash — and the Paper says there is to be none. So more children will be *entitled* to special provision but most will still not get it. No positive right to an integrated education is given — LEAs will still decide who shall be educated in ordinary schools, rather than being obliged to prove a need for *segregated* schooling.

The biggest fiction — delivered by Schools Minister Lady Young when the White Paper was launched — is that while there's no extra cash, special education is being protected from the cuts. Already several special schools have been closed and children transferred to more crowded schools. Exemptions from higher charges — meals, transport and so on — have been patchy. LEAs such as Leicestershire are *reducing* their special education budgets, meaning poorer quality resources and fewer staff.

The Paper also talks of the value of nursery schooling for 2 to 5 year olds with special needs. But it ignores the fact that few children have the chance of a pre-school place — irrespective of need. Drastic cuts in LEA careers services — up to 50 per cent in some areas — mean *less* help for young people with handicaps to find suitable work.

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Scots judges change law

Rob Edwards writes from Edinburgh: Scotland's senior judges have recently changed the legal procedure governing evictions in a way that severely damages the rights of a wide range of occupiers, particularly women.

On 21 April, a new Statutory Instrument, issued by the Lords of Council and Session and signed by the Lord President, Lord Emslie, came into force in Scotland. In it, New Rule 68A permits a sheriff to 'shorten or dispense with any period of time provided anywhere in these rules' when dealing with the eviction of 'a person in possession *vi clam aut precario*' (by force or fraud or without legal right or title). In other words landlords can now argue that they should be able to evict any allegedly unlawful occupier within a matter of hours rather than, as previously, within a minimum of two days. If the sheriff agrees, the notice of court proceedings could be delivered to the occupier's address only hours or even minutes before the proceedings themselves. Woman (who are often not tenants and hence technically 'without legal right or title'), service occupiers (those who are in tied accommodation and become unemployed), sub-tenants and many others could conceivably come home from work to find themselves locked out, without having been given any opportunity to contest their case in court. To rub salt into their wounds, a further change, New Rule 81A(2), removes any automatic right to remain in the property in the event of an appeal.

New Rule 68A is, according to the Lord Advocate, Lord MacKay, designed for use against 'squatters'. Shelter and the Scottish Council for Civil Liberties point out that where there might be a real need to repossess property quickly — for example where vandalism is taking place — existing Scottish criminal law provides rapid remedies. Lord MacKay also claims that the changes took place 'after wide consultation'. Parliament certainly took no part in the decision and extensive inquiry has yet to uncover any organisation, other than the obscure Sheriff Court Rules Council, which was in fact consulted.

Children help make bombs in Bolivian mining town

Peter Godfrey writes: Bolivia's miners, crucial to the country's economy, are still refusing to work and are resisting the military coup, according to a British geologist who has just returned from the region.

The Briton, who took refuge in the key tin-mining towns of Siglo XX and Catavi for two weeks following the armed forces' seizure of power on 17 July, says that strike committees have been formed in Siglo XX by miners, shop-keepers and thousands of peasants to distribute free food, keep a 24-hour vigil from surrounding hills, and explode dynamite at regular intervals to ward off the military. Road blocks and barricades have been set up, and children are helping to make a defensive stock of bombs from dynamite, ammonium nitrate and diesel oil. Under threat of being massacred — as a warning salvo the army machine-gunned a family of six, including a five-year-old girl, in an outlying area — the miners have had to close down their influential, Church-run radio station and hand over transmitters to the military, but are adamant about continuing to strike. 'With an average life expectancy of 35 years many miners told me they would die rather than accept the coup', the geologist said.

In Catavi, peasants with dynamite and vintage Royal Enfield rifles sacked an army barracks of 120 men after an all-night battle. All but one of the soldiers escaped. Propaganda sheets dropped by air force planes saying 'The UDP (the winning party in the recent general election) would change Bolivia's flag to red' contrast with sentiments daubed on the walls of the town: 'Soldier, don't kill your father or your brother.' The miners' radio station at the nearby town of Huanuni was bombed into silence by the air force. An ambulance which the miners subsequently let into Huanuni contained a squad of the Bolivian army's crack 'ranger' troops, dressed in white coats, who machine-gunned pedestrians indiscriminately, leaving at least 30 people dead and 300 injured, many of them unarmed women and children.

The misuse of ambulances has been widespread in the country, and is regarded as a motif of the cynicism and ruthlessness being employed by the military. A clandestine report by the Bolivian Permanent Assembly of Human Rights smuggled out of La Paz says that the coup, led by General Luis Garcia Meza, is more brutal than previous ones, and was meticulously planned over several months, in collaboration with the Argentine armed forces. Among the paramilitary falangists and freed convicts doing the army's 'dirty' work are some who 'do not trouble to disguise their Argentine accent'.

The military's strategy is to decimate the leadership of the powerful trade union opposition ('several hundred' union leaders have been killed or tortured, according to the report), to take over the country's mass media, and to detain priests and journalists where necessary. But its efforts to manufacture a forced normality based on 'stale and infantile nationalism' are failing, the human rights body says. The general strike is continuing, especially in large factories. Resentment is growing at the incidence of torture, disappearances and cold-blooded shootings, and the armed forces are divided among themselves. 'Everywhere in Bolivia the feeling and hope is spreading that this régime cannot last many months.'

Duncan Campbell
and Christopher Hird

Tories miss crucial D Notice evidence

THREE OF THE FIVE Tory members of the Defence Committee who voted to keep the D Notice system did not attend the hearings at which witnesses critical of the system gave evidence. Sir John Langford-Holt, the chairman, Sir Frederic Bennett and Sir Timothy Kitson were present at the meetings which planned the inquiry and which considered the draft report; other than this the only meeting which they attended was that which heard evidence from Sir Frank Cooper, MoD permanent Under-Secretary and chairman of the Defence Press and Broadcasting Committee, which runs the D Notice system. (The attendance record of all members of the committee is shown in the table below).

This may explain a rather curious feature: the Defence committee's conclusion does not tally with the gist of its report. Paragraph 24 of the report says: 'It is clear that the system as at present constituted is failing to fulfil the role for which it was created . . . as it stands the system hardly serves a useful purpose.' The D Notice Committee itself has plans for its own reform — and the Defence Committee's report says of these:

> We cannot accept that the existing D Notice Committee should have the last word on this matter; the prescription for the future may be too radical for the Committee itself to contemplate.

Yet when it came to vote on Tuesday 5 August the committee had two possible conclusions to choose from. One suggested the abolition of the D Notice Committee, leaving responsibility for the Notices with specific government departments. The second, proposed by Cranley Onslow, wanted the committee kept, but recognised, like the first, that the real need was for a complete reform of the Official Secrets Act. On the vote the committee divided evenly, so the chairman had the casting vote — with which he supported the other four Tories who wanted to retain the D Notice Committee.

The *New Statesman* was entirely responsible for the Defence Committee's decision to investigate the D Notice system. We argued (*NS* 4 April 1980) that the system had fallen into disuse to such an extent that 'formal recognition should be given to the actual ending of the system, through the disbandment of the Committee in its present form. We also pointed out that obeying D Notices provided no protection against prosecution under the Official Secrets Act. Whatever the formal conclusion of the Defence Committee's enquiry, the body of the report at least recognises these two important features of the present system.

Below Sir John Langford Holt; above right Sir Frederick Bennett; below right Sir Timothy Kitson.

Date of meeting and name of witness	Decide on enquiry 30 April	Committee deliberated 4 June	Frank Cooper 11 June	Windsor Clarke; Rear Admiral W. N. Ash 17 June	BBC; IBA; Granada 8 July	Chapman Pincher; Jonathan Aitken; The Guardian 15 July	New Statesman; Sunday Times; Washington Post 22 July	Committee deliberated 24 July	Committee deliberated 29 July	Consideration of draft report and vote on final report 30 July	5 August
Member of Committee											
Sir J Langford-Holt (C)	●	●	●							●	●
Sir F Bennett (C)	●		●							●	●
Sir T Kitson (C)	●		●							●	●
Patrick Wall (C)	●	●	●		●		●	●	●		
Michael Mates (C)		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●		●
Cranley Onslow (C)			●			●	●	●	●	●	●
Allen McKay (Lab)	●	●	●	●			●	●		●	●
John Gilbert (Lab)	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
John Cartwright (Lab)	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Bruce George (Lab)	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Bernard Conlan (Lab)	●	●	●								

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UNITED STATES
Claudia Wright

Nothing new under the sun in Madison Square Garden

Jimmy's reconstituted breakfast

ORANGE JUICE delivered to your bedside at the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan comes in a silver goblet within a goblet, ice frosting around the hallmarks, laid upon a salver. The starch in the tablecloth crackles at a touch. The juice is fake — 'reconstituted from concentrate' — but the consumption is ineffably real. So it is with the Democratic Party's convention here this week.

The political anomalies of the occasion are legion. There is, first, the oddness of convening something that purports to be a national political organisation, but which is in reality an assortment of village, county, city and state factions with geographical proximity in place of ideology or patronage as the source of partisan loyalty or fellow-feeling. These days both national parties are simply mail depots in Washington for despatching the rules by which hundreds of local factional contests are conducted. The detail of the past year's activity is better thought of in entomological rather than political terms, like a vast beehive in which there can only be one queen. Her legitimacy is fed to the great mass of workers, soldiers and other types through a genetic strain activated by mindless buzzing. The best journal for following the presidential campaign this year has been the *National Geographic*.

Then there is the anomaly of holding this convention in New York, whose political freakishness exhibited itself during the primary season by turning against President Carter in some parts of the city by more than four votes to one. New York's economic troubles leave voters with little alternative but the Democratic candidate who has a sensitivity to the city's needs. Thus the Carter convention managers were clever to orchestrate the Kennedy evening on Tuesday. They even organised the distribution of Kennedy-For-President placards to delegations which hadn't a single vote to cast for the senator. The scheme was to ensure that Kennedy's speech — his best in all the campaign — would make the traditional working-class appeals that New Yorkers and people living in the neighbouring states can't help but support, but which President Carter is loth to campaign with in the swing states. Tuesday was set aside for voters who might be tempted by Mr Anderson, while Thursday, the day of the president's speech, has been engineered for the rather larger number of voters who might swing for Reagan.

It should be no surprise that the convention debate over the party platform failed to reflect class conflict on such old-fashioned matters as job security and income distribution. If any of the Democratic delegates arrived in town with working-class visage, there were none to be seen on the convention floor, nor in the galleries of elegant groupies above. Trimmed beards for the gents and nose jobs for the ladies helped remind the observer that differences remain between Democrats and Republicans. For those with earthy tastes, the New York judiciary had already ensured that only those with means would enjoy satisfaction, by sweeping the streetwalkers into jail.

One last anomaly was the performance of the press. The video people were rather luckier and less malevolent than the print men. The former played busy nursemaids to the synthetic satin swaddling the podium, and tried hard to simulate a dramatic birth that couldn't happen. They had been luckier at the Republican convention when a power play by Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger and their friends genuinely occurred before everyone's astounded eyes. This time the video screen was mostly filled with deep-seated ignorance of the political dynamics of the coming election.

The print press, or at least that much of it which is owned by Time Incorporated and the Washington Post Company, arrived at the convention already badly beaten. What the two press syndicates had hoped for was the pre-convention demise of President Carter under the relentless pressure of the Billygate affair. The President's press conference on 4 August let most of the air out of the *Post*'s balloon, and on the morrow it editorially surrendered. The speculation about a delegate revolt against Carter, his 'imminent defeat' on the rule binding delegate votes for the first ballot, and the exhumation of Senator Jackson's political corpse to oppose Carter in the convention caucuses disappeared from the *Post*'s columns, and reporters concentrated instead on rediscovering the 'political genius' of President Carter's campaign staff. In the greatest line of Samuel Beckett's finest novel: 'The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new.'

New York

David Ward

Meetings with Edgar Tekere

ON A VISIT TO ZIMBABWE in June this year, I met Edgar Tekere on many occasions and stayed for a while at his house. As Minister for Manpower, Planning and Development, he was in the midst of a row about the Civil Service and surprised to find himself in conflict with the Prime Minister. A questionnaire, which had been sent around Civil Service departments as the first stage of a manpower survey, was receiving a very poor response. Tekere claimed that the project was being deliberately sabotaged, but in contrast, Mugabe announced that the questionnaire had been 'disallowed' and that there was no evidence of obstruction. While accepting that the incident had caused the government some embarrassment, Tekere insisted that 'it wasn't disallowed as such, and it didn't come to Cabinet'.

Further conflicts have resulted in an unaccustomed isolation for Tekere and his supporters, who have found the moves towards pragmatism and reconciliation difficult to stomach. He told me that he was amazed to see white people packing their bags and leaving the country: 'I can't understand that . . . these people fought us all these years. They claimed it was their country and built up a picture of Zimbabwean fighting Zimbabwean — a civil war. Now we are here and the war is over. Yet there is a lot of uncertainty because these people seem to belong elsewhere. It looks as if we have been fighting a big mercenary community here.' He explained that although in favour of gestures of reconciliation, he believes that the understanding must be that 'we, ZANU-PF, are the dominant factor — the Central Committee is the watchdog.' Above all he objected to the talk of a crisis of expectation. 'It is natural for the people after such viciousness with guns and bullets, losing so many lives, to expect change as soon as we come in. The people expect it from those who behaved and acted as revolutionaries for all these years. So the revolution continues, *a luta continua*, this is what the people are saying.'

Tekere's arrest — regardless of his innocence or guilt — may be disastrous for Mugabe. Some 200 students held a demonstration on Friday last week, calling for his release, and there are inevitable rumours of a conspiracy involving the moderates of ZANU, whites and ZAPU members. Tekere's arch opponent Joshua Nkomo is responsible, as Minister for Home Affairs, for the police and in May 400 women staged a protest outside the Zimbabwe Parliament claiming that 'Nkomo's police' were harassing ZANU supporters.

The biggest danger undoubtedly lies with the guerrillas. Forgotten in Zimbabwe's honeymoon euphoria, almost 400 armed guerrillas are waiting at the assembly points to realise the benefits of independence. Disturbingly, it has been reported that Mugabe has not yet visited any of the camps. The ZANLA forces, ZANU's armed wing, were formerly under the charge of the late Josiah Tongogara, ZANU's Secretary for Defence. His death, never adequately explained, in a car crash late last year, has left the guerrillas perilously alienated from the leadership. Tekere's common touch and political militancy has endeared him to the former combatants who could react to his detention with despair. (I was intrigued to read in this week's *Observer* that Tekere was frequently drunk and seldom out of combat dress: while I was with him in June I never saw him other than sober and in civilian clothes.)

The Tekere affair provides Robert Mugabe with a choice between two equally unpalatable alternatives: allow his party members to become a law unto themselves, or placate the whites and possibly commit political suicide. It tragically confirms the fears of those who warned that you cannot turn civil war into stable government through the kind of constraints imposed at Lancaster House. Edgar Tekere told me that he was 'feeling the obstructive effect, that rock around our necks . . . We are not going to continue to be people of yesterday just because we were at Lancaster House yesterday.' He also commented on the transition from liberation struggle to government office: 'It's not easy . . . not easy for me . . . but perhaps I'm helped because from the word go I know that more than anyone else, as Secretary General, custodian of party policy, I have need to be extra careful . . .'

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TRADE UNIONS
Patrick Wintour & Mick Hamer

How the British Road Federation controls a union campaign

Who is defending the car industry?

THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE DEFENCE of the Motor Vehicle, which presents itself as a trade union pressure group fighting for transport policies that will benefit the motor industry, is in fact a front for the British Road Federation. The Federation is the employers' road lobby, which gets about one third of its money from the motor industry. Some of the most prominent supporters of the Campaign for the Defence of the Motor Vehicle (CDMV) have close personal links with the Moral Rearmament. There is considerable confusion — even among supporters of the Campaign — about whether it aims to influence transport policy or to encourage a more docile workforce.

Secretary of the CDMV is 54-year-old Albert Ingram, a full-time employee of the British Road Federation. From 1975, for about four years, Ingram was also chairman of a campaign called Action '75, an offshoot of Moral Rearmament (MRA).

In view of the motor industry's present problems, it is perfectly proper that trade unionists should be organising to protect their jobs. But the links with Moral Rearmament and funds from employers have put off many influential trade unionists. Brian Mathers, the West Midlands organiser of the Tansport and General Workers' Union, was chairman of the CDMV for a short while at its inception. Mathers told the *New Statesman* that he rapidly became uneasy about some of the characters involved, both the MRA supporters and the employers. And Derek Robinson, the former convenor at Longbridge' said that he didn't get involved with the CDMV because Ingram was mixed up with MRA. Mr Ken Cure, AUEW executive member has taken on the job of CDMV chairman. He also puts CDMV motions to the West Midlands Labour Party.

A fair amount of secrecy has always surrounded the CDMV. Early on in our investigation John Guttridge, a member of the British Road Federation's Public Affairs Committee, denied that the CDMV was funded by, or connected with the British Road Federation. When the birth of the Campaign was announced in the BRF's 1976 annual report it was presented as an independent venture. And Shadow Industry spokesman Les Huckfield, who is a specialist on the motor industry, says that while there is nothing wrong with a union-based road lobby this particular campaign is less than honest in presenting 'itself as a genuine trade union grass root campaign'.

Ingram is paid about £10,000 a year by the British Road Federation. In 1978 a further sum of about £3,000 was spent by the Federation on CDMV expenses. Ingram shares an office in Worcester with the Midlands Road Development Group — also organised by the BRF. And the CDMV reports to the BRF public affairs committee.

Ingram himself has always been honest about the CDMV source of funds: 'I look to the lads for the work', he explained, 'and to the people with the money for the money. The contributors include the AA, the RAC and motor manufacturers. We did get £150 from the Transport and General Workers on one occasion.'

Ingram claims the main function of the CDMV is to lobby for a better deal for road transport: 'I care . . . about the large scale threat of unemployment . . . and I believe that the campaign waged by Transport 2000 and others against road transport has increased that threat immeasurably.' Much of the CDMV's work is run-of-the-mill pressure group work — lobbying MPs, responding to government policy statements and so forth. The CDMV also distributes a film, emphasising the importance of the motor industry and designed to be shown to shop stewards and other trade unionists. Despite the Campaign's connections, Ingram succeeded in persuading some leading trade unionists to appear in the film including Terry Duffy, the AUEW president. According to Talbot shop stewards, Ingram had little difficulty getting into car plants to show his film, which suggests he enjoyed a fair degree of management good will.

David Gent of the BRF: he set up a 'trade union' motor campaign.

IN ALBERT INGRAM the BRF had found a first-class organiser with wide union contacts. In the sixties he had been Secretary of the Broad Left in the AUEW, and has been described by one trade unionist as the 'kingmaker' who got Hugh Scanlon elected as AUEW president. He also helped organise the Campaign against Anti-Trade Union Legislation, which fought Heath's Industrial Relations Act. He stood for a full-time union official's post in the AUEW, ironically, against Terry Duffy — and lost. About the same time his wife died. We have been told that MRA supporters — including the former West Indian cricketer and MRA council member Conrad Hunte — frequently visited him to give him support and sympathy. By the mid-seventies he was actively associated with MRA. In *Britain Works — OK,* published by the MRA in 1978, Ingram describes his new views: 'We must have a national exercise in unselfishness . . . There is a better way of working to bring justice and a decent quality of life to people than through conflict and confrontation and the economic hardship that comes from that.'

MRA' view on industrial relations is encapsulated in the letter sent to candidates during the 1979 general election: 'In our hearts most of us know that if we don't tackle greed, then unemployment and inflation will rise'.

The capture of Ingrams by the MRA gave their trade union work a major boost. On 1 September 1975, Action '75 was formed at a meeting of 300 trade unionists (mostly from the motor industry) in Birmingham with the intention of defending the Social Contract and reducing strikes at Leyland. Its chairman was Albert Ingram. Action '75 was an offshoot of the monthly journal, *The Waterfront and Industrial Pioneer,* which has been published by the MRA for about 20 years.

In 1975 David Gent, the Deputy Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the trade association for the motor industry, went to an informal lunch organised by the *Waterfront and Industrial Pioneer.* He has also attended Action '75 meetings. Gent was impressed by Ingram (who was then a supervisor on the mini tracks at Longbridge) and sent him to the British Road Federation. The public affairs committee of the BRF, of which Gent was also chairman, decided to set up the Campaign for the Defence of the Motor Vehicle. In June 1976, when Ingram started the job, he remained chairman of Action '75. David Gent says of Ingram's activities as secretary of the CMDV and chairman of Action '75: 'Albert is a man of many enthusiasms and tremendous integrity and operates in watertight compartments to the confidence of everybody.'

Nevertheless many trade unionists in the Midlands car industry seem to be genuinely confused about these nice distinctions. One of them described both the CDMV and Action '75 as being MRA organisations: 'At Longbridge the dividing line between the three organisations was never drawn. They blurred themselves into each other.' The confusion seems largely to derive from the natural tendency of Ingram to draw on his current pool of political friends and acquaintances.

A CDMV meeting held in Luton, at which Terry Duffy, David Gent and AUEW shop steward Jock Gilmour spoke, was reported in the March 1977 issue of *The Waterfront and Industrial Pioneer.* The article described the CDMV as a 'grass roots trade union initiative.' Gilmour, a founder of Action '75 and prominent Moral Rearmer, is quoted in *Britain Works — OK:* 'When I met Moral Rearmament I grasped the relevance of its battle to build a society based on the highest moral value. The result is that I have been able to exert a positive influence on events.' Only one month later Ken Cure, chairman of CDMV spoke at an Action 75 meeting at Digbeth. Also there was Hal Miller, Tory cars spokesman.

In 1977, Action '75 approached the Joseph Rowntree Social Services Trust and got a three-year grant worth £3,000 a year. Internal minutes of a meeting held by the British Road Federation's public affairs committee on 22 February 1977 note a 'discussion on Albert Ingram's connection with Action '75 and possible repercussion on the Federation following contact with the Rowntree Trust for funds'. Just why the Federation should expect a 'repercussion' if everything was above board remains unclear.

Despite the grant from Rowntree, the broadsheet produced by Action '75 in February 1979 carries this appeal for funds:

> There is no mystery about the finances of Action '75 . . . our funds are raised by individual voluntary contributions and our regular quarterly income from all these is £200.

At the time, Action '75 was getting £850 a quarter from Rowntrees.

Are the motor industry employers being secretive about setting up and funding what purports to be a trade union group to defend the industry? Or have they unwittingly helped right wingers in the trade union movement to purvey their particular view of industrial relations?

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INVASION

On the night of 20 August, 1968, Russian paratroops burst into the office of Alexander Dubcek, the leader of Communist Czechoslovakia.

Dubcek and his colleagues were held at gunpoint while the Soviet tanks completed the invasion of their country. Next day, the captive Czech leaders who had tried to give Communism a 'human face' were flown secretly to Moscow and brought face to face with Leonid Brezhnev.

He confronted them with a brutal ultimatum: return to rule as Russian puppets, or face a bloodbath.

Now, based on the eyewitness account of one man who was there, a major dramatised documentary penetrates behind closed doors in Prague and Moscow to tell for the first time the real story of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

INVASION: 8pm Tuesday 19 August ITV Network

GRANADA TELEVISION

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BOSS at work in Britain

The South African National Intelligence Service, until recently known as the Bureau for State Security, has been running a well organised information gathering system in this country which includes compiling files on individuals and infiltrating anti-apartheid organisations. The responsibility for this operation rests with highly placed officials in the South African embassy in London. The head of it is B. M. van der Klashorst, (cover; also see right), a First Secretary at the Embassy. We have been helped in identifying him, his predecessors and his second in command, by Ivan Himmelhoch, until May this year an employee of the South African Department of Foreign Affairs and before that one of BOSS's unpaid agents in this country. Himmelhoch's reasons for doing this work and for telling his story are printed opposite. This week we give an account of his recruitment to, and work for BOSS. MARTIN BAILEY reports.

Michael Bennett

IN APRIL 1976 Ivan Himmelhoch, a bright 22 year old graduate from the University of Cape Town was about to leave South Africa to study law in Britain. Coming from German/Jewish background and having been active in white opposition politics as a student he had become increasingly concerned about the growth of extreme right-wing groups in South Africa. On the suggestion of a friend who was a leader in the Jewish community in Cape Town Himmelhoch agreed to attend a meeting of a neo-Nazi group and make a report on the proceedings. A few days after the meeting Himmelhoch turned up at this friend's office to deliver his report and was introduced to another visitor: Johannes Jacobs Kemp, then the head of the Bureau for State Security in the Western Cape. As Himmelhoch explains (opposite) whatever BOSS's real interest in right wing groups, may have the been, he was much impressed by their apparent concern. Playing continually on Himmelhoch's pacifism, Kemp explained BOSS's needs. They wanted detailed unbiased reports on the exile community in Britain, so that they could ensure that those committed to violent change were defeated.

Himmelhoch agreed to help. Impressed by Kemp's sharp intellect, naturally curious and keen to find out what the spy world was all about, he was also anxious to have his military service deferred. Although Kemp did not explicitly promise Himmelhoch that he would not be drafted he did say 'if there are any problems over your deferment, you need not worry.' A few weeks later the deferment came through. Himmelhoch was willing to work for BOSS politically because

> I believed that BOSS was fighting the spread of Soviet influence in Africa, and by uncovering the subersion of the exile groups I was doing my little bit to help the government buy time — and make it possible to reform apartheid from within.

KEMP WAS WELL placed to brief Himmelhoch on his future work in Britain as from 1972 to 1974 Kemp himself had been the head of BOSS operations over here, holding the post of First Secretary at South Africa House. Himmelhoch was to contact his successor — Johann Fourie — who took over in 1975 and who has now been replaced by van der Klashorst.

Himmelhoch was warned by Kemp not to get in touch with the embassy direct because BOSS was convinced that 'all phone convervations were bugged by the British authorities'. He was given precise instructions on how to make contact through one of two young women — either Marlene Fourie, the daughter of the BOSS chief, who lived in Hampstead, or Charlotte Hamilton, an embassy secretary, living in St Johns Wood. In suitably cloak-and-dagger fashion he was to give the password 'Greetings from Vic' to establish his identity. Himmelhoch successfully carried out this plan, and met Fourie at the embassy when he arrived in London for a brief visit to take his first Bar exams in the early summer of 1976.

Fourie's office was on the embassy's top floor, which was taken over completely by intelligence and military staff who even had their own seperate club known as Oulap. Fourie warned Himmelhoch never to 'play the fool' with him, stressing that they were really going to crack down on people in South Africa and the information he supplied must be very accurate. Himmelhoch finally got down to work for BOSS in September 1976 when he returned to England to begin his Bar training at the College of Law in Chancery Lane after a summer holiday in South Africa.

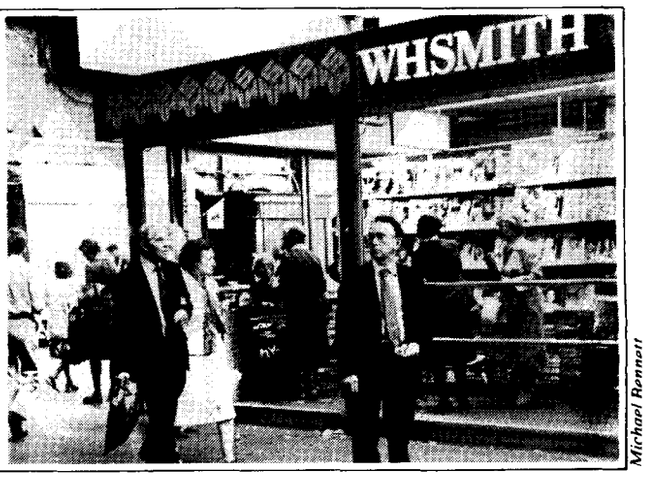
While in South Africa that summer he had been flown up to BOSS headquarters in Pretoria for talks with senior officials. Among the people he met was Arthur McGiven, the BOSS officer dealing with Britain who fled into exile last autumn. Whilst there he had been introduced to Ron Shardelow, who was shortly moved to London and became Himmelhoch's desk officer. Himmelhoch was told of this by Fourie at a lunch following a rendezvous in front of the W. H. Smith newstand in Charing Cross station. Shardelow, who is still based in London and who refused to talk to us earlier this week arrived in Britain in late 1976 and during the following two years Himmelhoch contacted him on numerous occasions. Yet strangely enough he was not officially accredited as a diplomat until February 1978.

One of Himmelhoch's first tasks was to write reports on what occurred at public meetings organised by groups hostile to the South African government. Among those he attended were the Anti-Apartheid Movement AGM in October 1976, Joshua Nkomo's meeting at Friends House in December and an AAM march from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square in March 1977.

Of course nothing that happened at such meeting was likely to be much of a surprise: the views of Anti-Apartheid are well enough known. But BOSS were concerned to be able to take advantage of any internal differences within the opposition groups. They had a well-organised system for analysing these meetings and there were a number of set questions that had to be answered in a report. In what way has the speaker deviated to the left or right of his organisation? Was this expected by the audience, and how did they react? Has the speaker identified himself as part of a group within the organisation, and if so who are the other members?

Himmelhoch felt that BOSS was 'obsessed with factions.' They also asked him to gather 'subversive' literature published in London such as the *Leveller* ('particularly dangerous') and even papers such as the *Islington Gutter Press* — a small community newspaper. He was also asked to prepare analyses of particular articles such as those which appeared in *South African communist* and to translate articles from German into English.

Such interest in public information is not necessarily surprising: the police and security services in this country, for example, devote some effort to accumulating large amounts of startlingly obvious and sometimes not obviously relevant information on people and organisations. A bulging file on Ruth First — the South African writer who fled to Britain in 1964 — that Himmelhoch saw on a desk when he visited BOSS in Pretoria has its equivalents in intelligence operations around the world.



Michael Bennett

The meeting place at Charing Cross station of Johann Fourie, the former head of BOSS in Britain and BOSS's agent, Ivan Himmelhoch. Fourie was to use Himmelhoch to spy on anti-apartheid groups in Britain.

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What is unusal about the South African interest in such reports is that responsibility for their collation was given to someone holding as senior a diplomatic appointment as First Secretary — the position Shardelow occupies at South Africa House.

HOWEVER, HIMMELHOCH was asked to do rather more than attend a few public meetings. BOSS asked for a number of reports on South African exiles living in this country. Among them was Sam Kahn, a member of the South African Communist Party, who had fled to London in 1960. It was not particularly difficult for Himmelhoch to meet Kahn, a friend of his parents. Kahn recalls that the young law student's questions often seemed to be 'a little too probing' and that shortly after Himmelhoch returned to South Africa in 1978 Kahn was tipped off that he might have been 'working for the South African authorities.' This was later confirmed to him by two other people.

Another of Himmelhoch's contacts to suspect him was Peter Manning, information officer of the South West African People's Organisation in London. He says that on the few occasions he met Himmelhoch he was struck by his 'rather strange behaviour'.

Within a year of his recruitment BOSS asked Himmelhoch if he would become 'more active', by actually infiltrating South African exile groups. In the summer of 1977 Shardelow came up with a specific proposal to infiltrate a clandestine plot which was apparently being hatched in London.

BOSS had received information that an exile group was investigating a plan to make illegal radio broadcasts inside South Africa. The scheme involved setting up a mobile radio transmitter in the Sea Point suburb of Cape Town which would temporarily interrupt the South African Broadcasting corporation programmes at peak listening times to give a short political message. Shardelow's suggestion was that Himmelhoch raise the matter delicately with Kahn in the hope that Kahn was in contact with the people involved and would pass on Himmelhoch's interest, thus bringing him into contact with the group. Himmelhoch did broach the subject with Kahn but nothing came of it.

This sort of work began to make Himmelhoch nervous. He was anyway beginning to doubt the South African government's intention of reforming apartheid and was also anxious about the response of the British authorities to his becoming a more active BOSS agent: he did not want to jeopardise the completion of his studies for the Bar, his work for BOSS being unpaid. indeed, Himmelhoch stresses, he always made it clear that he did not want to be paid for his information.

Shardelow tried to reassure him, suggesting a safer meeting place on the Continent and maintaining that BOSS had very close links with British intelligence. Shardelow's favourite expression, Himmelhoch recalls, was that 'Countries never talk, but Services do.' On one occasion he was more specific, saying 'BOSS has the closest co-operation from British intelligence. They are very aware of what is going on — and they are certainly happy with it.'

Himmelhoch's break with BOSS came in November 1978 when they sent him to West Germany to attend a conference on nuclear collaboration organised by the West German anti-apartheid movement. His growing distaste for the intelligence work provoked him to leave the conference on the opening day, as he had accepted the free air ticket to Bonn largely because he wanted to look for work in Germany. His report on this meeting, not completed for several months, was his last job for BOSS, though Shardelow, with whom he had built up a close personal friendship pressurised him for some time afterwards to take up the work again. Himmelhoch did not, however, abandon his belief that South Africa could be referred from within. When he finished his training for the Bar and after a short spell in a legal job in Germany, he returned to South Africa to work in the Department of Foreign Affairs.

FOURIE, THE BOSS chief at the embassy while Himmelhoch was working in this country, returned to South Africa last summer and is now the BOSS representative in Zwelitsha, the capital of the Ciskei bantustan. His office was taken over in August 1979 by B. M. van der Klashorst, who has the title of First Secretary. When we met Mr van der Klashorst earlier this week he showed no surprise at being greeted by a journalist and photographer at 7.30 in the morning and cooly and good-humouredly told us that he did not work for BOSS but for Foreign Affairs. However, it is unknown for a Foreign Affairs employee to be posted abroad for the first time as a First Secretary unless he had been transferred from some other department. And the head office of the South African Department of Foreign Affairs in Pretoria told us that they had never heard of him.

Next Week: **Secrets of the Department of Foreign Affairs: An inside view from the Zimbabwe Desk.**

IVAN LOUIS HIMMELHOCH, aged 26 (pictured, right) has worked at the centre of the South African Establishment. From 1976 until 1978 he operated as a BOSS agent in London while completing his legal studies at Gray's Inn. Then last October he joined the Department of Foreign Affairs in Pretoria, where he was given a sensitive post on the Zimbabwe Desk. Himmelhoch has therfore been in an unusual position to see how white South Africa really operates. On 19 June this year he fled into exile. He had finally realised that the South African Government would never allow apartheid to be reformed from within. Himmelhoch feels that he now has a duty to speak out — and to tell of hisexperiences of working inside the very heart of the white South African system.

"To begin with I though that apartheid could be reformed from within. It may sound strange to people outside South Africa, but when I became a BOSS agent I actually believed that my work for them could have a progressive influence on the political scene. BOSS gave me the impression that they were fighting extremists on both ends of the spectrum — not only the Soviet-backed terrorists of the ANC, but also the neo-Nazis fascist groups which had sprung up inside South Africa.

I later came to realise that BOSS was merely a tool of the ruling National Party, and it was simply interested in crushing any opposition. But I had a lingering feeling that there must be an alternative to violent change, and indeed I still hope that peaceful reform is possible.

Last October I joined the Department of Foreign Affairs in South Africa. By working in the corridors of power I hoped to have an opprotunity to stress to the authorities the necessity of pursuing internal change in order to improve our external relations. But within a few months of my arrival I realised that reform from within was virtually impossible. I was becoming locked into a system which I despised, and at the same time I was unable to play any progressive role.

My mind was finally made up by my impending call-up. On 2 July I was due to begin military service, and my application for deferment had been turned down. I just could not face the thought of joining the ranks to protect white South Africa in a conflict which had been caused by the government's own intransigence. I carefully made secret plans to leave my country, and on 19 June I boarded a British Airways flight into exile.

It was a terrible decision to have to make. No human being can determine his birthplace. I myself happened to have been born in South Africa, and so were my parents. I inherited a feeling of closeness for my country, and even now, knowing that I may never be able to return, I feel this closeness pressing in on me. I have left many friends behind. I shall almost certainly never again see my 87 year old grandmother, and I don't even know when I will meet my aged parents.

But I cannot remain silent. There comes a time when a person — no matter where he lives or what he does — has to speak out against injustice. When one has become personally involved in an unjust system it becomes ones *duty* to use one's small voice to make others aware of what is happening.

My personal role was small. I was merely an unpaid BOSS agent who contributed little important information. I was only a junior official at the Department of Foreign Affairs — although I was cleared to see secret papers and I did serve on a sensitive desk. Yet I must speak out about what I learned from working within the Establishment. I am very much aware of the risks. The South African authorities won't make my life easy, and there is always the danger that one day any 'accident' may befall me.

But I myself am only a small cog within the system. My situation is akin to someone who arrives at an airport and is told he is the millionth passenger to arrive; he gets a status that he has not actually earned. The publicity is totally undeserved, and in many senses unwelcome — but, there is no way of backing out. In my case I feel I have no alternative but to speak out about the country which still means so much to me."

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TRADE UNIONS
Patrick Wintour

A three-month industrial dispute in Reading tests picketing laws

60 sacked given little union support

IN THE MONTH in which the Employment Act becomes law and the draft code on picketing has been published the 3 month long dispute at Adwest Engineering in Reading where 57 workers have been sacked for union activity is taking on a wider significance. On 2 May an AUEW member Martin Kaufman was sacked by the Adwest management for continuing a work to rule as part of the unions' pursuit of a pay increase that had been due since 1 March. Although a union activist Kaufman had no previous formal warnings from the company that might justify instant dismissal.

On 6 May 38 other workers were also dismissed for stopping work, in support of Kaufman. Amongst the 38 were three of the factory's five AUEW shop stewards and three of the four T&G stewards including the chairman of the joint shop stewards committee Danny Broderick. Effective picketing soon began, largely thanks to a letter from T&G district official Larry Pickard instructing lorry drivers not to cross the picket line. However the picketing weakened, partly as poverty and lack of official union backing softened their resolve.

In an attempt to shut the factory there have been four mass pickets, on 23 June, 2 July, 14 July and again last Monday the first since the new code suggesting of a limit of 6 pickets was published. The picket was a near model for this code with the picket being restricted to 10 people —all of whom were directly involved in the dispute. On this occasion there had been police consultations beforehand, but on previous pickets the police have behaved inconsistently, altering the number of pickets allowed. On the first mass picket, according to Kaufman, 'it was like the Keystone cops with the police doing everything to avoid arrests.' On 2 July picket Danny Broderick was arrested for wilful obstruction under the Highway Act, even though he was standing by himself in front of the gates. The police will not discuss why he was arrested, saying the case is sub-judice. On 14 July the police again prevented any picketing, arresting 26 people for obstruction. The first of these cases has been hold and produced a £30 fine.

Since the sacking most of the workers at Adwest have continued working, although a further 20 workers on the night shift did come out in support in mid-May. They too have been dismissed as a result. There have clearly been major political differences within the workforce which partly explains why so many are still working. However, the shop stewards always pursued the claim and the work to rule by first getting the backing of the workforce at meetings. Even a company-run ballot before the sackings showed a 80 per cent of the workforce against accepting the management's offer. It was not until after the sackings that the general manager conducted a meeting on the pay offer. In those circumstances only a few of them dared reject the offer.

The Reading AUEW district committee met on 14 May to discuss the sackings. Though the committees inquiry criticised the shop stewards, for not following procedure by calling in district officials before moving onto a work to rule, it recognised that the decision to take industrial action had been democratically taken. 'Mr Kaufman had been selected as a scapegoat as a direct challenge to the strength of the AUEW and the TGWU. Therefore the joint membership of the unions should have immediately stopped work in support of the sacked workers.' But the committee only resolved vaguely 'to seek ways and means to support the sacked members'. Some of the pickets are angry that at a further meeting on 23 July the district committee did nothing to discipline the AUEW stewards that were still working in the factory and that subs were still being collected from the branch. Mr Calow the district secretary says the dispute is complicated by the fact that he cannot persuade people in the factory to come out in sympathy and by the fact that he cannot get a meeting with the people leading the picket line who he regards as politically extreme and hostile to all union officials. The pickets deny this but are fearful of a compromise by the officials: a meeting of the union and strikers is set for later this week.

The T&G District official Mr Pickard admits that the dispute has been going on a long time but says the T&G have not yet finally decided not to make the dispute official. An argument has developed between the T&G branch and the official over arrears in contributions. The national finance and general purposes committee of the T&G have told their regional official Mr Ashman to look into the matter of the subs and then of making the dispute official, but Mr Ashman will not be doing this until he has returned from a holiday and TUC Congress in September.

Tim Coone

Evidence suppressed on West Bank bombing

THE BEGIN GOVERNMENT is staggering into yet another crisis following last week's allegations that the recent resignation of Israel's security chief was linked to obstruction by the Prime Minister of the investigation into the car-bomb attacks on West Bank mayors.

Despite claims by the Prime Minister that a thorough investigation is being carried out, Felicia Langer, the attorney for Bassam Shaka'a, the Nablus mayor who lost both his legs in one explosion, claims that none of the Shaka'a family has been invited to submit evidence to any enquiry. She adds that the area where the bomb exploded has not been surveyed, and that the car in which the explosion took place has mysteriously disappeared.

Reports from the time of the bombings note that Mr Shaka'a's phone was cut off 45 minutes before the attack and reconnected 15 minutes after it, and Nablus residents claim that extra troops were drafted into the town immediately before the bombing. The implication of all these allegations, if they are true, is that right-wing terrorist groups, with the connivance of strong elements of the military administration, are out of control and are now dictating government policy in the West Bank — or, indeed, that the government has actively encouraged attacks against political leaders in the West Bank to break the National Guidance Committee, which has now been inactive for three months.

Jerusalem

Ian Black

Key Palestinian organisation gagged by Israeli government

THE ISRAELI AUTHORITIES appear finally to have gagged the National Guidance Committee, the only representative Palestinian political body in the occupied territories. Out of the 21, seven members of the committee, which was formed in November 1978 to combat the Camp David autonomy plan, were served with military government orders preventing them from leaving their home towns. Add them to other members neutralized recently — the mayors of Hebron and Halhoul banished in May and their colleagues from Nablus and Ramallah maimed in June (and the two Gazan delegates long forbidden to leave the Strip) — and the NGC can hardly continue to function.

The Israelis were well aware that in a relatively short period the committee had become the first effective political organisation to operate in the West Bank or Gaza since the 1967 war. Active in arranging strikes and other protests, it had often played the role of arbiter between conflicting sectional interests, and always affirmed its total loyalty to the PLO. Yet perhaps more serious for the Israelis was the fact that the NGC marked a radical departure from traditional patterns of Palestinian political organization, based neither on prominence and power gained under Jordanian or Egyptian rule, nor on the narrow class interests still fostered by remote control across the river from Amman, but on a clear country-wide basis (uniting the geographically separate and historically different West Bank and Gaza) that also provided strong representation for left-wingers previously excluded from public life.

Bassam Shaka'a, Mayor of Nablus in the West Bank, who lost both legs in a car bomb attack apparently planned by right-wing terrorists.

The press has been especially badly hit by the new restrictions, with the editors of two of the three East Jerusalem dailies, *Al-Fajr* and *Al-Sha'ab* — both of which take strongly pro-PLO positions — prevented from leaving their residences in Ramallah for their offices in Jerusalem. Another leading NGC member, Bashir Barg-outi, a veteran communist and editor of the weekly *Al-Tali'a*, has received the same treatment.

Also served with these orders last week was Mrs Samiha Khalil, the chairman of the El-Bireh Society for the Resurrection of the Family, an organization that combines the goal of the advancement of Palestinian women with the pursuit of national culture. The only woman on the committee, Mrs Khalil has been active in coordinating support for security prisoners in Israeli jails.

If the latest measures succeed in suppressing the NGC — and it is difficult to see how they can fail — then there will certainly be some West Bankers, whose lingering loyalties to King Hussein excluded them from membership of the Committee, who will like to think that their political star is on the ascendant again. And of course there will be Israelis to encourage them to think so.

Born out of the insult of autonomy after over a decade of occupation, the NGC committee always took a brashly independent and authentically Palestinian line which can no longer be shaded off to suit Jordan or Israel. Its suppression does not mean that a more accommodating leadership can now wield effective power in the occupied territories; nor does it augur well for future calm as political activity is driven increasingly underground.

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DEVELOPMENT
Anna Coote

As India's productivity is increased, jobs become more skilled and men take over

Women pay price for economic growth

BURO AND HER TWO daughters-in-law rise every morning at 4.30 am. They grind wheat, churn milk, feed the animals, clean the house, fetch water. Buro's young daughter is roused at 6.00 am to help them. At 7.00, her three young sons are woken and served breakfast of lassi, chapatis and butter before they leave for school. (Buro's husband and two grown-up sons are employed outside the village.) The women breakfast surreptitiously on last night's left-overs, then walk two miles to the field, where they work on the harvest until 6.30 pm. Returning home, they bring in the animals, feed them, clean the cattle shed, fetch water and complete their household duties. In one day, three adult woman and a young girl carry out a total of 12 hours' work on domestic chores, nine on care of domestic animals and 27 on agricultural labour.

The family is relatively well-to-do and owns a large farm in Haryana, India's major wheat producing state. One of Buro's grown-up sons was asked why the family's wheat could not be ground in the flour mill to ease the women's work. 'This keeps them physically fit', he replied, half in jest, half in earnest, 'moreover an idle brain will be the devil's workshop.'

This case is cited in a paper* published by Oxfam last week, to illustrate the low — and declining — status of women in India. The author, sociologist Maitrayee Mukhopadhyay, shows how the process of development has actually increased inequality, making life worse rather than better for the majority of Indian women.

The problem is not just one of sex discrimination; it is one of survival. At birth, a female can expect a life which is 1.4 years shorter than a male's. The pattern has changed since 1941: until that date (from 1872) a woman's life expectancy was always longer. At the last census, in 1971, there were 20 million fewer women in India than men.

The author explains that one of the chief causes of early death are the excessively long hours which most women are expected to work throughout their child-bearing years. There is evidence, too, that more girls than boys die before the age of five, even though they are biologically hardier, and this she attributes to 'the greater neglect of female children in the early years because of their relative lack of worth and value to their parents.'

Male heirs are considered crucial for the continuation of the family, because of the tradition of patrilineal descent. Girl children are pressed early into household service, often acting as surrogate mothers for their younger siblings while their mothers are out at work. Many of them miss out on education altogether. In 1974, one girl in three was not enrolled at school and among those who were, the drop-out rate was 74 per cent. Only 14 per cent of girls in the 14-17 age group were being educated, compared with 31 per cent of boys. The rate of literacy among women is half the rate among men. The author argues that

> many parents object to the continuing education of girls on the grounds that education breeds a certain independent attitude to life, and greater expectations. . . which may stand in the way of their adjustment to the role of a self-effacing and dependent wife and daughter-in-law.

Camera Press

UNEDUCATED AND OVER-BURDENED with domestic work, most women are unable to compete with men in the labour market — and the problem has intensified as India's economy has 'developed'. Jobs become more skilled and women are displaced: 'It seems to be the universal trend that when the market economy replaces production for subsistence, men take over women's work.'

Development agencies often contribute (unwittingly) to this displacement, as they inject capital and technology in order to improve productivity. A fisheries development project started by a Norwegian agency in Kerala is cited as an example. Its original intention was to improve conditions for poorer families and increase local consumption and distribution of fish; but today the main activity is trawling of prawns and freezing the catch for export. Factories have been built for freezing and processing and 'male merchants have entered the scene to transport the catch faster in lorries or on bicycles.' As a result, most women have lost their previous occupations as fish traders and processers. Some of them

> get employment as casual labourers in the new factories, but at lower wages than men. Women are left out of the management of the new technologies in the factories.

Women's paid employment — as opposed to their unpaid work — has declined dramatically. Between 1961 and 1971 the number of male workers increased by 15 per cent, while the number of female workers dropped by 41 per cent. However, field studies indicate that the workload of women has actually increased and become more arduous. They are

> engaged in perpetual labour not only in household work but in various activities connected with the family's livelihood.

Increasing numbers of urban middle-class women have gained access to white-collar jobs, but their very visibility, says Maitrayee Mukhopadhyay, obscures the worsening position of their poorer sisters. Where they can find work, they are paid lower rates than men. Pregnant women work on construction sites until the ninth month of pregnancy and 'at least a quarter of them continue till the last day of delivery.' Children have to be carried to the sites 'and looked after between exhausting periods of labour as best the mother can manage.'

The crux of the problem, in the author's view, is the middle-class bias in public policy. The ideals of the 19th-century reform movements, which sought only to strengthen women's role in the family, still prevail. Women are seen as worthy recipients of welfare, but not as active participants in a developing economy. She concludes that 'no radical improvement in women's status is possible without a concerted attempt to redirect the process of development to benefit the poor. . . . Emphasis must be laid on creating the infrastructure for promoting participation of the poorest women.'

**Women and Development* by Maitrayee Mukhopadhyay, to be published later this year by OXFAM. Inquiries to the Publications Office, OXFAM, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford.

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Europa and the Yankee bull

In the third of our series 'The Proper Defence of Britain', FIELD MARSHAL LORD CARVER argues that we must accept the 'unpalatable truth' that keeping the risks of going to war high is what keeps the peace. Next week: why Cruise missiles don't work.

PICTURES REPRESENTING the myth of Europa and the Bull show Agenor's daughter sitting on the bull's back, usually with an expression on her visage of some concern as to the fate that confronts her. Such pictures could be used as an apt illustration of the relations between Europa and the United States in the interrelated fields of defence and international relations. Henry Kissinger, in his massive volume of memoirs, *The White House Years*, expresses the exasperation that people responsible for directing American policy in these fields feel at the contrariness of Western Europe's attitude. If American relations with the Soviet Union become too friendly, Europe fears that its interests are being neglected and that the two superpowers will do a deal at its expense. If on the other hand they take a cool turn, as they have recently, Europe trembles at the thought that intemperate and imprudent American policy of action could damage its interests and, at worst, lead to war, in which its territory would be devastated by nuclear weapons, fired by both sides. There are further variations on this theme, such as that the use of nuclear weapons in such a war would, by some informal agreement, be limited to the territory of Europe west of Russia's frontiers, the superpowers thus escaping the worst effects, while their allies went up in smoke; or that the Americans would *not* use nuclear weapons for fear of strategic retaliation against their homeland, with the result that Western Europe might be overrun.

While elements of Western European opinion in NATO tend to regard the USA as unreliable, elements of American opinion similarly accuse their European allies of unreliability, again on two somewhat contradictory grounds. The first is that, whenever the USA takes a tough stand against the Soviet Union, as its allies frequently press it to, the Europeans back away from the consequences, for fear of their effect on themselves, and thus undermine the American position. The second is that, by not devoting sufficient effort to the conventional defence of Europe, the allies lower the nuclear threshold and force the USA to contemplate the use of nuclear weapons, with its threat of escalation to a strategic exchange, at an earlier stage in hostilities than is necessary or desirable.

These mutual accusations of unreliability encourage those, on both sides of the Atlantic, who toy with the idea of Western Europe becoming more responsible for its own defence, perhaps totally independent of the United States. They fall into two categories: the nuclear and the non-nuclear.

The former was popular in certain Conservative circles when they were last in power and Michel Debré was France's Minister of Defence. A tentative attempt to pursue it soon led to the realization that the benefits that it might bring were illusory and the cost — that of encouraging the USA to lose interest in Europe — too great to contemplate. If France and Britain decided to follow that path, none of their allies in NATO would follow them, least of all the West Germans, who value the American link with their defence above all. It would encourage the neutralist tendencies in the Scandinavian and Low Countries, as well as in the Mediterranean, and would therefore be the first step in a process by which Western Europe would slide, without a fight, into the Soviet sphere of influence. The Kremlin would rub its hands in glee. Followers of this policy would soon find themselves enmeshed in the logic which has led the Americans into the proliferation of their nuclear weapon delivery systems, with all the vast expense involved.

THE NON-NUCLEAR independence policy is equally illusory. It is, of course, true that, in terms of population and economic wealth, it should be possible for the countries of Europe west of the Iron Curtain, if they were determined to do so, to raise and maintain conventional armed forces which would make a Warsaw Pact conventional attack, on the Central Front at least, a risky business. It would however mean that all the Western European participants would have to devote a considerably large proportion of their gross national products to defence and have much longer periods of conscription, which this country would have to adopt. To be realistic, vulnerable countries with small populations, like Norway and Denmark, would have to accept the permanent presence of forces of other nations, and the latter would have to be prepared to provide them. They would no longer be protected, as they are now, by a nuclear umbrella, the handle of which is held by a strong arm outside their territory. Even if the electorates of Western Europe could be persuaded to adopt such a policy, it would not preserve them from the fear of nuclear war. Far from it. Such forces, particularly air forces, which would have to be significantly increased, would be vulnerable to nuclear attack, a tempting target to a nuclear power.

The assumption might be that, by adopting such a policy, one could persuade the USSR to disband its tactical or theatre nuclear armoury and only retain a strategic force, directed at the USA and China. Apart from the extreme unlikelihood of that being achieved at all — let alone with sufficient safeguards to give Western Europe confidence that it would be effective — one must not think of conventional warfare as being a comparatively harmless affair. The Yom Kippur War of 1973 reminded us of the purely military effects of modern warfare. In a contest that lasted less than three weeks, with limited forces in a limited area, both sides lost about half their tanks and a quarter of their aircraft. To provide sufficient material to last out a prolonged major conventional war demands immensely expensive industrial effort, and its use would bring about a devastation in the area of operations.

But there would be no guarantee that, if war did come, it would remain conventional. You cannot put the nuclear imp (not the 'ink', as Hansard reported me as saying!) back in the bottle. If the conventional war were not quickly conclusive, both sides would soon be tempted to make use of nuclear weapons, the loser, because he despaired of saving his position by concentrational means; the victor, impatient to finish the war and clinch his advantage.

A war in the centre of Europe, however it may start, is most unlikely to remain limited for long. It poses the greatest danger to our security. It must be avoided at almost any cost, and, if it does unfortunately start, it must be brought to an end as quickly as possible, before it engulfs us all in the 'nuclear holocaust'. Such a war has been prevented over the last 30 years by three factors. First, American support of Western Europe's defence and the presence of her forces in Western Europe as proof of that commitment. Second, the Soviet Union's support of the defence of Eastern Europe and the presence of her forces there as proof of her commitment. Third, the possession by both of nuclear weapons, which they both firmly state that they will use, if either attacks the territory defended by the other. If the USA were not so clearly committed to Western Europe, or the USSR to Eastern Europe, those who (perhaps for good reasons) would wish to change the pattern of frontiers established after World War II, would be tempted to embark on military adventures to change them; and Europe would once more be plunged into war.

So, what should we do to ensure 'The Proper Defence of Britain'? We should abandon pipe-dreams of an Anglicized version of Gaullism. We should stop shaking our heads about American unreliability, and devising strategies to insure against it. We should set an example to our allies in NATO, as in many respects we already do, of making an adequate contribution of conventional forces to the alliance, in order to convince both the USA and our Western European colleagues that we are good allies. We should take our share, as we do, of manning theatre nuclear weapon delivery systems, including those which use American warheads, so that the allies are seen to share the responsibility, the odium and the determination to use them, if need be. We should put greater effort into Western European cooperation in the discussion and evolution of policy and into active cooperation in the defence field, notably the defence industrial field. In our dealings with the United States, within the alliance, we should encourage a relationship which is close and cooperative, but in which Europe, speaking with a more united voice, deals with the USA on more equal terms. The fact that we and the French have our own nuclear weapons can be a help in this area; but it should not encourage us to think that we could act independently.

Suggestions that the European Economic Community should concern itself with defence, particularly in defence equipment procurement, are, in my view, to be discouraged. European cooperation, particularly in the aerospace, electronic and shipbuilding fields, inevitably involves its defence industries; but NATO's machinery for cooperation, defective as it undoubtedly is in many ways, is much more efficient than that of the Community, and to involve the latter in defence would tend to weaken the solidarity of NATO without bringing any compensating advantage.

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London Diary

☐A certain kind of person always looks forward to the autumn, and this year I am more than ever that kind of person. It's not just the arbitrary abolition of summer (and when were the British people invited to give their full-hearted consent to *that*, one may ask) so much a cluster of autumn events beckoning one on. David Edgar's smashing adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby* is to be revived at the Royal Shakespeare Company, and the Labour Right is to attempt a revival at the Blackpool conference. If I were a Blackpool fringe organiser for the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, I should be inclined to borrow a sketch from Dickens. Do you remember when Nicholas goes to seek employment with Mr Gregsbury MP, and finds him facing a reselection crisis? Gregsbury replies to Pugstyles and the other outraged members of the local party by saying, in writing:

> Actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and great constitutional considerations; which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of those who have not made themselves masters, as I have, of the intricate and arduous study of politics; I would rather keep my seat, and intend doing so.

Pugstyles and his team withdrew in confusion. What new rabbits will the Gregsbury faction produce this year?

☐Another autumn event which makes me feel impatient is the arrival of Julius Tomin from Prague. We can hardly rejoice that the Czech authorities have let him leave his country, but we can look forward to some incisive discussions. I have recently been reading Zdenek Mlynár's excellent book *Night Frost In Prague* (Hurst £9.50), which gives the first 'insider' account of August 1968. I also had a very absorbing afternoon's conversation with the author. What struck me, as it does in the case of Tomin, is the tenacity of Czech democrats. Mlynár stayed on long after his situation had become hopeless. Tomin actually returned to Czechoslovakia from America after the occupation had taken hold. For this they are called 'unpatriotic' by local hacks who have no standing except that of puppets. So, of all national caricatures, I am beginning to find the Good Soldier Schweik the most misleading. [A word to readers who sent so much money to keep the Patocka University going. It will be carrying on its work, and Julius Tomin will appreciate some initial support as well. Donations please to Jan Hus Educational Fund, 10 Merton Street, Oxford.]

☐Talking of national caricatures, I may have the answer to all those brainless and revolting 'Irish jokes' which even the television networks permit these days. An Irish labourer goes to a building site in Birmingham and is asked by the English foreman if, being a casual sort of a labourer, he can even tell the difference between a girder and a joist. After a moment's thought the Irishman replies that one of them wrote *Faust* and the other wrote *Ulysses*.

☐Industrial relations at the *Observer* are more famous for their complexity than their erudition. Some of the scribes were a touch amazed to receive a memo from Conor Cruise O'Brien last week, in which he drew their attention to the words of the Grand Vizier in Racine's *Bajazet*:

> *Je sais rendre aux Sultans de fidèles services*
> *Mais laisse au vulgaire d'adorer leurs caprices*
> *Et ne me pique point du scrupule insensé*
> *De bénir mon trépas quand ils l'ont prononcé.*

I don't think any Atlantic Richfield executives read the *Observer*, but I know a number who read the *NS*. For their benefit, a free translation would be — I know how to serve the Sultan all right, but I leave it to the mob to applaud his whims, and I don't make a point of cheering the announcement of my own death sentence.

☐Dr Cheddi Jagan passed through London this week, and we had a talk about the appalling situation in his home country. Ever since the Tories used armed force to depose his elected government in 1953 (an event to which the *New Statesman* devoted six pages of condemnation in one slim issue alone) Guyana has been a sort of laboratory for political fraud. Walter Rodney's murder, for which Dr Jagan is holding the Burnham government responsible, has reminded many people of the severe conditions there. 'Ordinary' ballot-stuffing and bribery have given way to intimidation, violence and censorship, as well as the intensified use of racialist propaganda to divide blacks from Indians. Meanwhile the economy is rotting from foreign debt and the vast new spending on internal security. The last election should have been in 1978 but has been 'postponed'. Jagan, who is a charming and convincing man — if a bit pro-Moscow for my taste — believes that sectarian hatred is diminishing, and that Walter Rodney was killed because his Working People's Alliance was uniting black and brown activists. The British Left has rather ignored the Caribbean over the years, but now Guyana could be joining Grenada, Nicaragua and El Salvador in a wide zone of turbulence. Reagan has promised to take a 'tough line' with local dissent, so people may soon be wishing they had paid more attention.

☐From time to time in this office, we volunteer to read articles into a tape recorder for the benefit of the blind. There are also registered services which do this for a fee. One of our partially-sighted subscribers has written, enclosing a letter from one such service, whose chairman gives the following reason for refusing to supply her with the *NS*:

> The Readers complain to me that they do not like reading it as it has very strong Left wing political bias, and the language in some of the articles is very repulsive and objectionable.

I have spoken to the author of this letter, who turns out to be a nice guy, and sadly blind himself. He is, as he puts it, 'at the mercy of his readers' — in this case a bank manager's wife in Gloucestershire. What sort of people take it upon themselves to censor a blind person's 'reading'? In what Thatcherite fog, dark and swirling, can they possibly dwell?

☐Poland has long been the heart of the European meat-free zone, and it was inevitable that the opposition movement there would have to take this into account. When I visited Jacek Kuron in Warsaw a few years ago, he was much more interested in the grievances of the factory than in the complaints of the academics (though of course he did not scorn the latter). But his hopes for a trade union movement seemed wildly optimistic at the time. The strikes of the early seventies were a memory; young critics spoke gloomily of how the state had created a mood of resentful indifference. Kuron's flat was constantly raided, and our talk was interrupted continually by threatening telephone calls (many of whose perpetrators seemed to think he was Jewish). It will be fascinating to see how the 'Polish United Workers Party' handles this latest demonstration of loyalty from the ranks. It will also be fascinating to see how the British press reports the doings of insubordinate dustmen in Poland. The BBC World Service got off to a cracking start the other night by saying that while wage demands might be met, there would be no concessions on the structure and control of industry. Exactly, comrade, exactly.

☐Anybody who needs to know, knows that there are two Duncan Campbells. We are lucky to have one of them, and *Time Out* is very lucky in its way to have the other. It's a laugh in the world of bugging, spookery and jovial police informers, because both Campbells are interested in the malfeasances of the state. A friend recently returned from Bangkok reports that British Embassy officials were excited earlier in the year, when *Time Out*'s man applied for press credentials on a brief visit. The whisper ran that the man who beat the rap at the Old Bailey was now sniffing round the Cambodian border. For what do we pay these people — the man who beat the rap at the Old Bailey was in this office, preparing to take the lid off Hong Kong.

☐The Pink Floyd concerts last week were a howling success, and I personally like nothing better than sitting, bottle in hand, on the edge of a wall of sound. But there was something I couldn't pin down, something I wasn't sure I *wanted* to pin down. Then — wallop. It was these huge Gerald Scarfe puppets, and those amazing Gerald Scarfe animated cartoons. He had ransacked his bestiary of grotesques for the occasion, and bloody good they were too. But the first Scarfe cartoon I remember was of Jean Shrimpton! I am, quite unmistakably, getting old.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐Leaving his wages behind in lieu of notice, he applied for another job as butler to a Mr Graham Watson's father in Jersey, this time producing a reference attesting to 20 years' service with Lord Kissin. 'It was a letter on Kissin notepaper, but signed in a way in which no peer would sign it,' defence counsel Mr Keith Salvesen told the court. — *Hampstead and Highgate Express* (N. Harris)

☐Hodges, who admitted being drunk and disorderly, told the court: 'The behaviour was inexcusable. I trained with the SPG in the Metropolitan Police. I was trained to react on impulse and I am having psychiatric treatment,' he added. — *Hartlepool Mail* (G. Veart)

☐A slight improvement in the level of consumer optimism is suggested by the latest *Financial Times* survey of consumer confidence, which has risen to minus 27 per cent. — *Financial Times* (David Ovens)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

America's second war

From R.G. Kershaw

Does not John Pilger (NS 1 August) spoil a good case about the present by his own excessive partisanship about the past? It seems perfectly plausible that the Khmer Rouge super-Maoists forced Hanoi to invade Cambodia but the salvation of the Khmer people was a side-effect, not the primary aim, of the invasion, and to equate the latter with the allied liberation of Europe does scant honour to the dead of 1944-45. France is not an Anglo-Saxon satellite today, but Cambodia is certainly a Vietnamese satellite and this, in fact, became Hanoi's objective, probably in the latter part of 1977 after Pol Pot had ignored the first Vietnamese warnings and trampled on Vietnamese pride. (Prince Sihanouk has a brilliant discussion of the question in *Chroniques de Guerre . . . et d' Espoir,* Hachette, 1979, chapter 12.) It seems a reversal of cause and effect to suggest that the basic stimulus and context for Hanoi's action was the hardening American attitude during 1978. Were the Americans not responding, by now, to events in Vietnam itself? Perhaps they did tend to see things through a pair of Chinese spectacles, but the boat people were no less real for being mainly Chinese.

So whose 'memories are fading' and whose 'image is being refurbished'? If Kissinger provided an indirect catalyst for eventual Khmer Rouge victory, who actually put them into business as a serious guerrilla army during 1970-71? Whose media ignored the Khmer Rouge genocide until Democratic Kampuchea broke off relations at the end of 1977? Who was using Cambodian territory as a vast staging post and rear area, complete with strategic HQ, between 1967-70, giving rise to the gamble of American secret bombing (which Sihanouk never condemned, although a single public word from him would have stopped it dead)? Pilger said on TV that the Vietcong strategic HQ existed only in the imagination of American generals. Yet, for what it may be worth, the Khmer Rouge had identified the precise location of the *southern Vietnamese Central Committee,* on Cambodian soil, over a year before (*Black Paper,* 1978, p.20). The Vietnamese communists are superbly skilled in politics, diplomacy and war. Only a child or a fraud would try to write a history of Indochina which left *that* out of account.

Keynes College, The University, Canterbury, Kent

Forsaken island

From N. Ramalingum

The press has given a lot of publicity to the invasion of Aghanistan but scant attention has been paid to the build-up of troops and deadly weapons in the island of Diego Garcia. No socialist voice has been heard protesting at the fact that this build-up will eventually turn the inhabitants of the region into pawns in the hands of the two superpowers. No socialist voice has been raised in protest at the seizure of Diego Garcia and the desperate plight of its former inhabitants.

In 1965 a Memorandum was signed between the Mauritian administration and the Wilson government under which the island was ceded to Britain. This is regarded by many international lawyers as a legal absurdity because, at that time, Mauritius was still under British rule. In other words, Britain was in charge of its foreign policy. Since the hand-over of Diego Garcia comes under the heading of foreign policy, we can only conclude that the British government was legally negotiating with itself.

The islanders were not consulted on their future. They were herded into boats like cattle and dumped in Mauritius where they are still living in slums 15 years later. We find it incredible that no British socialist has seen fit to condemn that kind of behaviour by his or her own government.

A few weeks ago, the Mauritian government was urged by parliament to ask for the return of Diega Garcia. They do not, unfortunately, have the military muscle to drive the Americans out of the island. That is why they have to turn to their socialist friends in this country. This is a practical way in which the Labour Party can show that it really wants world peace. Let the NEC submit a motion to conference for the return of Diego Garcia to its inhabitants. The Party will thus not only be repairing the damage done by the Wilson government but also showing the Third World that its brand of socialism does not stop at Dover.

20 Elmbourne Road, London SW12

Alternatives to doomsday?

From John F. Spellar

Robin Cook presents the soft sell on defence (NS 25 July). He talks of a 'common area of agreement: as long as Europe is divided into two armed camps, there is for Britain no convincing alternative to membership of the Western Alliance . . . NATO was first conceived as much as a means of imposing internal coherence on Western Europe as a league against an external threat; but if it had not been cobbled together in the 1940s, it would have been necessary to invent something similar in the course of the next two decades to handle the emergence of the Soviet Union both as a European power and as a global superpower.'

This sounds terribly reasonable and is the sort of argument designed to appeal to middle of the road opinion in the Party. Mr Cook is a Vice-Chairman of Labour Action for Peace. The August edition of their paper contains an article by his fellow Vice-Chairman, Scottish Labour MP Ernie Ross, who is Mr Hyde to Robin Cook's Dr Jekyll. Mr Ross says, 'NATO was formed in April 1919 on the initiative of the United States, to consolidate capitalism in Western Europe, to intimidate if possible the Socialist countries and to impede the growth of the world's national liberation and progressive movements.'

2 Cooden Close, Bromley, Kent

Sanity

From David Boulton

Tariq Ali's gleeful reminder (NS 8 August) of my activities 17 years ago, when I was young and impulsive and he was young and famous, should activate your own memory cells, Mr Editor. Let's tell the whole story. True, I was editor of *Sanity* in 1963, but under the paper's masthead we sported a list of eminent 'contributing editors', one or two of whom were occasionally active but most of whom were not; they were Big Names who were there for decorative purposes only, to lend tone to our modest journal. It rarely occurred to me to consult them about anything. (Mr Ali — like you, sir — will readily acknowledge the limitations of collective decision-making when applied to editorial chairs.)

I certainly didn't consult them before blithely publishing my piece on the Officially Secret RSG at Warren Row. But when the paper came out, one of the more eminent members of my editorial board (whose name I forebear, in honour, to disclose) confronted me with an ominous legal opinion by the late Sidney Silverman to the effect that not only myself but the whole panoply of 'contributing editors' risked jail if I persisted in breaking the dreaded Act. (Those were the days when I took what lawyers said as gospel.) So I made the offending excision, thereby safeguarding the freedom of my eminent 'contributing editors', not to mention the careers of those whose eminence lay in the future.

46 High Street, Belmont, Bolton, Lancs

Rough diamond

From John Torode

I have only just caught up with Patrick Wintour's detailed attack on Frank Chapple (NS 25 July). The introduction very generously describes me as 'an unusually well respected labour correspondent' before quoting me as calling Chapple 'a rough diamond . . . dedicated to grass roots democracy'. It is an evaluation which Wintour goes on to challenge. To put my remarks in context: (1) My profile of Chapple was written in 1971. So whatever my views on his conduct of EETPU business over the past decade (the period on which Wintour concentrates) it would be fruitless to search for them in quotes from that profile. (2) I used the phrase 'dedicated to grass roots democracy' in the limited context of Chapple's populist use of a referendum to decide his union's attitude to the EEC and his threat to follow the same procedure over the Heath Industrial Relations Act. (3) In my 1971 profile I made a series of criticisms of the way Chapple responded to opposition. His support for the ban on Communists I called furious over-reaction to CP methods within the union. But I concluded 'It would be wrong to regard him merely as a right wing muscle man'. You can still quote me on that!

Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1

Grub street

From Charles Clark

Could I take the opportunity of Tim Jeal's review of my book (NS 1 August) to comment on the debate on author/publisher relationships? Firstly, *Publishing Agreements* has two purposes, set out in its Preface: to guide the reader through current publishing practice, and to take account in some of my comments of the pressure for 'creative rights' which I call in the Preface 'the most important post-war development in relations between publisher and author'. Little of that stance could be guessed at by a reader of Mr Jeal's review. His intense dislike of current practice (justified or not) leads him either to misread or to discard as 'conservative' comments which, in truth, are intended as a warning-shot to colleagues in publishing that the concept of creative rights is a just one and must increasingly be recognised in the detail of publishing agreements. Mr Jeal writes, for example, 'The double standard whereby publishers pledge to publish "within a reasonable time of delivery" (a meaningless formula), but insist that the author deliver by a fixed date, is one that Mr Clark sees no reason to change'. Your readers will hardly guess that my comment on the obligation to publish actually reads, 'In some cases a time limit for publication is advisable and may indeed be essential from the author's point of view, since it is part of the conditions upon which he grants his rights'.

Secondly, the issues raised by recognition of creative rights are not confined to the author/publisher contract. They are inherent in the other 11 Precedents and eight Appendices set out in *Publishing Agreements.* It would surely have been helpful to your readers if Mr Jeal had reviewed more than the first 27 pages of my book. Illustrators and translators, for example, have creative rights as well as authors and some comment on those rights, set out in Precedent 4 and 8, might have been of interest to your readers.

My third point follows naturally from the second. Mr Jeal's review is symptomatic of the current distressing stance of the Writers' Guild itself — shrill, blinkered and puzzlingly indifferent to the mutual interests of different kinds of writers and publishers. Can the Guild not get itself off the hook of its unrealistic and inadequate Minimum Terms Agreement and talk seriously and in detail with publishers and with authors' agents about the place of creative rights in *all* kinds of publishing agreements?

Hutchinson, 3 Fitzroy Square, London W1

RAP appeal

From Tim Owen & Chris Wallace, Campaign Co-ordinators, RAP

Radical Alternatives to Prison (RAP) is now collecting evidence on (1) the use and abuse of drugs in British prisons and (2) the role of the Prison Medical Service. Would any person with information please contact RAP at the address below (telephone 359 3785). RAP is a publicity and pressure group working towards the abolition of imprisonment and was a member of the Medical Committee Against the Abuse of Prisoners by Drugging.

182 Upper Street, London N1

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Dear diary

Embowered as one currently is in bougainvillaea (I write while on holiday) on the terrace of a charming clifftop hotel, with the Mediterranean (much cleaner than previously) sparkling below and the town of Amalfi a picturesque sight a mile away, it would be easy to abandon oneself completely (and I here use the verb 'abandon' in no loose or licentious sense) to this world where the Italian *dolce far niente* has full play and where one is tempted to think of nobody but oneself, and even that not very often. The only thing that is said to have worried Rudolph Valentino during his Hollywood career was not the hordes of screaming admirers but where the next plate of spaghetti was coming from. He should have remained in southern Italy. Here that is the least of our anxieties. Spaghetti comes and at regular intervals, piled high, scattered with parmesan and washed down with wine. It is followed, you can bet your bottom lira, by veal. Veal gives way to cheese and fruit, and our little meal is rounded with a sleep.

And thus it might go on day after happy day but for nagging thoughts of home. Far away as one is, one worries about loved ones left behind. How, for example, is dear Mrs Thatcher and has she planned a proper holiday for herself and Denis (I had a weird dream that they had rented a cafe at Sidmouth and, with Princess Anne dressed as a Nippy, were 'doing' Devonshire Teas at five bob a time). Well then, on which yacht and sailing whither will Mr Heath's jaunty cap be seen, that fine nose snuffing the breeze and our ex-Sailor PM ready to leap to the tiller and, in a Force 7 sou'wester, put her hard over, a phrase whose meaning and purpose have never been clear to me and which I have not cared to ask about as the words bear a hint of indelicacy.

As for Lord Carrington, there is a thoroughly odd and persistent rumour along the coast here that he has, gig-lamps excitedly gleaming, rented a section of a famed Positano hotel just ten miles from here and that later in the year and during the state visit, the Royal Yacht is to put in (quite a feat of seamanship at that pierless town) and decant Her Majesty for, of all improbable things, cocktails. Apart from wondering what an Italian cocktail can taste like, can this venture possibly be true? Who is to be bidden to join them at the cocktail hour? In what lingo will the conversation be ('Permit me to replenish your sidecar')? Has HM any Italian more advanced than 'Kindly pass the ravioli'? and whither then would the Royal Yacht be bound? The pleasures of Capri and the Bay of Naples are greatly over-rated but the island of Ischia has much to offer. It surely cannot be true that the royal European *Wanderlust,* so strong and fully indulged in both Queen Victoria and Edward VII has, descending in the direct line, completely fizzled out. The main part of the royal festivities will of course occur in Rome and here I had another strange dream, namely that the Italians, hunting about for all that is brightest and best in the world of fireworks, would come upon a massive set piece in some dusty store house and, setting it off at the appointed time, would see before them, spluttering and fizzing away and lighting up the darkness, a giant face emerging — none other than Mussolini Triumphant.

Every so often we manage to get an English newspaper, two days late though the news it contains may be, and it cheers the heart to read once more of the joyous things of home — trains cancelled on the southern line, burglary figures up, ten mile tail-backs on the M5, and car sales plummeting. But there has been at least one English newspaper item that, shouted thrillingly from table to table in the restaurant, was received on all sides by us expatriates with the very heartiest of British cheers. Faces that have for days borne an anxious look, relaxed. Smiles replaced frowns. I refer, of course, to the Tate Gallery's lavish and generous outlay of £18,000 (money belonging to you and me really, I suppose, but let that pass) in order to secure at auction and at Sotheby's various 'Bloomsbury papers' for the nation and thus to retain in this country every scrap, whiff, shred and vestige of Woolfiana and associated names. The papers include 500 letters between Roger Fry and Vanessa Bell, at that time the object (or do I mean subject?) of Fry's devotion and of his stamps. Hooray for them, and hooray for us. Small wonder that our loud huzzas rang out. The papers are safe! Oh, the relief of it!

As interest in Bloomsbury and its inhabitants appears to increase yearly, except among those soulless few who have long since announced a feeling of surfeit, some coarsely even going so far as to say that they are fed up to the back teeth and beyond, I am wondering when the most favourable moment would be for me to release at public auction an interesting possession that came into my hands a few years ago and which relates to the less aesthetic sides of these renowned persons. It is the diary of a Mr Alfred Maggs, proprietor of Messrs Maggs and Son, Sussex grocers and all-purpose purveyors and who, highly considered in their day, supplied the household needs of many families resident in a wide area of the county, among them the Bells at Charleston and the Woolfs at Monk's House, Rodmell. Charleston is, incidentally, although somewhat dilapidated, to be retained as a 'Bloomsbury monument' and, we hope, taken over by the National Trust with an endowment fund of £350,000. Oh hooray, again.

Mr Maggs, proud of his diary and of its literary associations, gave it towards the end of his life to another local resident, my Aunt Helen, herself prominent in the world of *belles lettres* (she was for many years 'Philomena' in the *East Sussex Clarion*), and she in her turn gave it to me, neither prominent nor in *belles lettres* but keen to do the best with it for myself and for the nation, in that order. 'Diary' is, perhaps, rather too grand a word for it as it merely consists of assorted jottings in a grocery order book, but 'Diary' is going to look a good bit better and more profitable in Sotheby's Catalogue than 'Assorted Jottings' and frankly, it is profitability that we are after.

A few excerpts will serve to give the tone of the book. 'April 9. Double order of potted meat and 1 lb of Best Back for Charleston can only mean Easter guests. Sent Sidney over on his bicycle and he reports presence of a Mr L Strachey — "very chatty" and gave him a caramel'. 'May 4. The Woolfs busy stocking up for a visit from E. Smyth — Cooper's Oxford, Mazawattee tea, Bee-Zee-Bee honey and jars of calves foot jelly galore. Also several pots of Gentlemen's Relish (a great favourite with Dame Ethel, and Sidney in stitches over her hats)'. 'May 6. Crisis at Charleston. Mr Bell reported to have become "irregular" and not a grain of Bemax in the house. Sent Sidney over. L. Strachey gave him another caramel'. 'Sept 17. Mrs Woolf much put out that we do not stock Krackles ("The rusks that are kind to older tusks"). Sent over Chunklets instead but she sent them back with a rude note to the effect that Chunklets are not Krackles, a fact plain to all.' 'Aug 10th. Heat-wave brings mosquitoes and Roger Fry gets bitten in sensitive spot. Mrs Bell telephones urgently for tube of BUZZ-OFF Insect Repellent but have to tell her that I am grocer and not chemist, upon which she says something that sounds like a mixture of faugh! and tchah! and rings off.' 'Monk's House staff all on holiday and Mrs Woolf telephones and says "I am too busy to cook. What have you that is both edible and comes in tins?" Sent her over sardines, baked beans, pilchards and a jumbo pressed beef and hear no more.' 'Dec 23. Sidney had been hoping for his usual Christmas box (5/-) from the Woolfs but all he got was a signed copy of something called *The Waves.* Much disgusted.'

And so it goes on. A Robertson's 'Gollywog' strawberry for Charleston. The gas cooker explodes at Rodmell. The Charleston drains get blocked. Both households run out of lentils. As you see, underneath it all just ordinary people like you and me. I'm willing, of course, to sell the diary privately, provided it stays in England. Starting price: £10,000.

Roger Woddis

Polonaise

'The authority of the Gieruk puppet regime in Warsaw is being undermined by trade unions wanting to act like real trade unions, responding to genuine pressure from below, but not dominated by party stooges imposed from above.' — Daily Mail.

Hats off to the Poles,
Now bravely defying
The wrath of their masters,
Regardless of cost.
Rejoice (somewhat nervously,
Let us admit)
In the widening breach
Between bosses and bossed.

How lovely it is
To see lawless workers
Exerting their pressure
With zeal from below,
Though generally speaking
To question one's betters,
Who know what is best,
Is a pretty poor show.

Salutes are in order
For strikers and dissidents,
Ready and willing
To sell themselves dear.
We're all for the unions
Becoming political —
But thank God in heaven
It can't happen here.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

J. P. Stern

Madam on the Moon?

A Nervous Splendour: Vienna 1888/1889 by FREDERIC MORTON *Weidenfeld* £8.95
Fin-de-Siècle Vienna: Politics & Culture by CARL SCHORSKE *Weidenfeld* £15

The days of *histoire romancée* are not over. Take that great stand-by of mid-European sentimental legend, Crown Prince Rudolf's and Baroness Mary Vetsera's suicide at Mayerling on 30 January 1889. Mr Morton presents no new facts and no new theory about Rudolf's motives, yet he drapes a whole lively book, heavily illustrated and handsomely produced, round the event. His text consists of little more than actual or paraphrased quotations from the contemporary press and all the other books written on the topic (or so it seems: there are no notes); the rehashed newspaper items and the main events of European history are connected by nothing more sophisticated than anecdotes and dabs of local colour — and yet there is no doubt that from all this an authentic picture of Vienna emerges. This is how it's done:

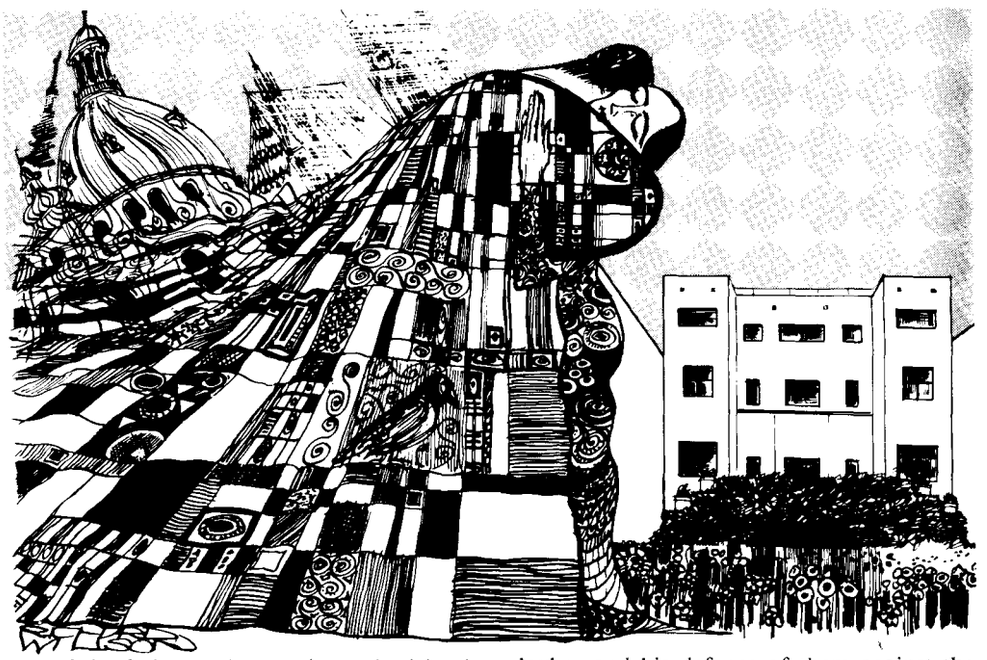
> Karl Count Bombelles, Rudolf's First Lord Chamberlain, disembarked from his carriage. With a golden staff he knocked against the simple portal. The dialogue began, ancient and brief.
> 'Who is it?' a friar demanded from inside.
> 'His Most Serene Imperial and Royal Highness, the Archduke Crown Prince Rudolf of Hapsburg.'
> 'We know him not.'
> The door remained closed. Again the golden staff knocked.
> 'Who is there?'
> 'The Crown Prince Rudolf.'
> 'We know him not.'
> The door remained closed. Once more the golden staff must knock.
> 'Who is there?'
> 'Your brother Rudolf. A poor sinner.'
> The door opened. It admitted the casket, which black-clad lackeys had lifted from the hearse. The Emperor entered after it.

And again, with a touch of Vienna's own well-known necrophilia:

> While the agent drew up the document, the physician washed caked blood from the corpse. Then it was dressed in coat and hat, in boa, veil and shoes. It was stood up. The two uncles linked arms with their niece and walked her slowly out into the night, past any possible suspicious eyes, through the howling winds, past Rudolf's barking dogs, to Count Stockau's carriage. A hearse would, of course, have given away too much and provoked too much attention in an area that might at any moment become infested with journalists. The two uncles lifted Mary into the carriage, propped her into sitting position, wedged her between them, pushed a broomstick between her dress and her spine to keep her erect.

Nor do we go short on intellectual and cultural history: 'And through the youngest boy, Ludwig (in his mother's belly in 1888), the family name would spread as an intellectual byword. Ludwig Wittgenstein would haunt the philosophy of the next century as Mahler would its music.' 'Herzl knew whereof he criticized. Himself a first-rank artist in publicity . . .' 'A few minutes later Johannes Brahms marched in . . . Bruckner tried to match his fierceness . . . Both geniuses shouted the same phrase at the waiter. "Roast pork and sauerkraut!"' '[Hugo] Wolf's beard is so sparse because of his edgy habit of plucking out the hairs', and 'What was it that Freud's paper said? The one he was working on . . .' Mr Morton not only tells us what it said, he can even hear in Freud's 'stringently scientific tract . . . eerie echoes of the hunting lodge in the Vienna woods'.

The unblushing vulgarity of this sort of approach is obvious; what needs emphasising is that it is compatible with perfectly genuine historical insights (as in Mr Morton's depiction of Rudolf's contacts with the liberal intelligentsia, especially of Budapest). More than that, one cannot help wondering whether this mixture of the sententious, the sensational and the factual may not give a more accurate feel of the epoch than more ambitious and stylistically more fastidious accounts. Seeing that the most popular figure of the age — the world's first 'pop celebrity' — was Johann Strauss, the cheerful vulgarity of Mr Morton's book turns out to be as much a reflection of what life was like in fin-de-siècle Vienna as do the abstractions and dichotomies of intellectual history. Perhaps there is something to be said for history written in the naturalistic mode, as a way of re-enacting the past rather than analytically surveying it.



Professor Schorske's book (which, as can be seen from his and Mr Morton's bibliographies, has been a long, long time in the making) is a very different affair. Free from the slightest taint of vulgarity and frivolity, and a bit short on humour too, it is an even more splendidly illustrated collection of seven essays devoted to the common theme of encounters between politics and the arts in the age of Vienna's declining liberal ideology. The difference between the two books may best be illustrated from one of the most interesting of Schorske's essays, that on Gustav Klimt. Describing his ceiling paintings of the Burgtheater staircase (1888), which contain Klimt's only self-portrait, Schorske writes (with just one foot in Pseuds' Corner): 'Where earlier painters had presented themselves as witnesses in the Christian dramas of religion, Klimt historicizes himself as a communicant in the Viennese religion of drama.' Well — perhaps. Mr Morton on the other hand reports what Klimt actually said when he saw the completed painting; to wit, 'Dreck! . . . Schweinsdreck!' (which might be rendered politely as 'a lot of rubbish').

We start with a slight piece on Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Schnitzler wrote some delightful *Novellen* and plays, but he was no great novelist, and it does him a disservice to concentrate on a novel whose only interest is its discussion of 'the Jewish problem'. Similarly, Mr Schorske's exhumation of Hofmannsthal's early playlets and his defence of them against the charge of aestheticism runs the awful risk of infecting the reader with the young poet's world-weariness, though it must be added that even where Mr Schorske presents 'the aesthetic question' in its most etiolated form ('How shall art transcend mere passive rendering of beauty to achieve a fruitful relationship to the life of the world?'), he does his level best to maintain some sort of connection with the decline of the liberal tradition. (Mr Schorske, alas, seems not to have heard of the plans for the founding, in Vienna, of a Society Against the Consistent Overestimation of the Works of Hugo von Hofmannsthal.)

The book's main theme emerges *via* a brief history of the Ringstrasse and a number of municipal enterprises, including the city railway with its marvellous *art nouveau* stations. This thoughtful and beautifully documented chronicle from Camille Sitte's historicism to Otto Wagner's modernism and thence to Josef Olbrich's Secession building of 1898 is perhaps the best thing in the book. Schorske of course is not writing a social history, but even so one cannot help noting that he tells us next to nothing about the con-

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tribution of the 'Crown L as' to the 'representative' splendour of Vienna, or about the living conditions of the Viennese poor, which even at the time were considered a national disgrace by authors he does not mention. It is a splendid chronicle, though (like so many aspects of Schorske's Vienna, as opposed to Morton's) it has aerial roots.

With the collapse, first of the liberal order in politics and then of the liberal outlook itself, a 'politics in a new key' comes into being in the capital and accelerates the decline of the Empire. This harbinger of the violence to come Schorske represents in the next essay by portraits of von Schönerer (the young Hitler's Sudeten German mentor), Karl Lueger (six times Christian Social lord mayor of Vienna) and Theodor Herzl (the dandy Paris correspondent of Vienna's foremost liberal journal and dramatist manqué turned author of *The Jewish State* and convenor of the first Zionist congress). Schorske describes this trio in terms of the enemies and tactics they have in common, and in terms of their hostile but different reactions to the phenomenon of Jewish assimilation. This predominantly political account is followed by the Freud essay, an obligatory feature of books of this kind.

Here Schorke's aim is to show via a 'deep structure' analysis of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900), that Freud's 'response to his professional and political frustrations' took the form of a 'retreat into social and political withdrawal'. This apparently commonplace Freudian claim turns out to involve him in a puzzling undertaking, simply because Freud had (at that time at all events) no 'politics' to speak of; hence Schorske is constrained to use the word in a more trivial sense than elsewhere in the book. He is hardly breaking new ground when he argues that for the Sage of the Bergstrasse 'all politics is reducible to the primal conflict between father and son' (whether one calls this Freud's 'mature theory' is another matter), and that 'Freud gave his fellow-liberals an a-historical theory of man and society that would make bearable a political world spun out of orbit and beyond control'. Few of Freud's worst enemies have said worse.

The remaining essays (on Klimt, Stifter, Kokoschka and Schönberg) confirm the unity of the book — a unity bought at the price of a major omission.

If the encounters between politics and art are Mr Schorske's main theme, his presentation of that theme takes the form of symbolical cross references or *'correspondances'* — a form of writing in which everything stands for something else. The characteristic feature of this style is the 'just as' sentence: The task of the composer was to manipulate dissonance in the interests of consonance, just as a political leader in an institutional system manipulates movement . . .'

Now this procedure may not make for very lively reading, but it is historically justified, if only because the artists of fin-de-siècle Vienna excelled at this game of 'correspondences'. However, some of the best poets and thinkers of the age were also concerned to find out the conditions and limitations of this game (this is Hofmannsthal's concern in the 'Chandos Letter' and in *Der Schwierige:* the first is barely mentioned, the second — his finest play — not at all). Hence Toulmin and Janik, in their book on *Wittgenstein's Vienna* (1973) subsume the artistic and philosophical activity of the age in terms of a crisis and critique of representation. Theirs is in parts an inaccurate book, but its central thesis seems to me indisputable. Mr Schorske does not mention the thesis or the book (but then, he ignores half a dozen other recent English books on his subject), and he selects his material so as to avoid most of what is relevant to that crisis and to the critique that issues from it. This presumably explains why there is no serious discussion of the satirist Karl Kraus and the architect Adolf Loos — mordant critics whose writings centre on what relationship there is, or should be, between language (the language of words, the 'language' of buildings and of the objects of our daily use), public morality and politics; why there is no discussion at all of the philosophical movement of the time; nor of Robert Musil, fin de siècle Vienna's most faithful chronicler of it all. The omission of the painter Egon Schiele and of Georg Trakl, the greatest Austrian poet of the age, is even more difficult to explain, seeing that their works embody and develop the very ideas — the anti-liberal tendencies and anti-aesthetic aesthetics — outlined in Mr Schorske's essays.

'Wohnen wohl auf dem Mond, die Gnädigste?' ('I expect Madam lives on the moon?') an assistant in Vienna's most famous confectioner's asked a customer who took a long time explaining where to deliver her box of bonbons. Mr Schorske's book is almost entirely non-comparative, as though the whole of Vienna too were on the moon. Of course, these are essays, and strict selection of themes rather than a comprehensive historical record is the essayist's prerogative. Is there then an inherent conflict between the exercise of this prerogative and the goal Schorske sets himself when, in his Introduction, he quotes Jakob Burckhardt's dictum, 'History is what one age finds worthy of note in another'? I think not. In ignoring the critique of representation these essays ignore what, almost a century later, turns out to be Vienna's most important bequest to our intellectual life. All of which (as the poet Rilke would have said) is 'gently disappointing'.

Nicholas Shrimpton

Bucolic Bones

A Few Green Leaves by BARBARA PYM *Macmillan* £5.95
F For Ferg by IAN COCHRANE *Gollancz* £5.95
Collin by STEFAN HEYM *Hodder & Stoughton* £7.95
Pas de Deux by OLIVIER BEER *Gollancz* £5.95

Slightness is all, at least for the Barbara Pym enthusiast, and her final novel has it in abundance. *A Few Green Leaves* takes place within the confines of a tiny English village. Parson and doctor and squire, genteel spinsters and bossy wives make up the cast. A trip to London has the air of an exotic safari and the working-class locals, on their council estate, remain firmly beyond the imaginative horizon. Such strict social and geographical limitation has at times prompted comparisons with Jane Austen. But Pym's characteristic exiguity is far more than a mere effect of setting. Where Austen was a Romantic miniaturist, Pym is a 20th-century minimalist. Plot itself is pared to the bone. What happens in *A Few Green Leaves*? Well, almost nothing.

The heroine, Emma Howick, is a social anthropologist writing up her research on life in the new towns. She does not complete it. Graham Pettifer, an old flame now separated from his wife, comes to visit her. They do not go to bed together. Eventually she considers the possibility of marrying Tom Dagnall, the vicar. But just where most novels would start, with Tom and Emma talking in a quiet corner, Barbara Pym brings her book to a close. Reader, she may have married him. But far be it from this novelist to tell us.

The bareness is not, of course, arbitrary and it is discussed within the text in a particularly subtle and telling way. Tom's obsession is local history. His heroes are the great clerical diarists, Woodforde and Kilvert. But his attempts to emulate them produce a ludicrous disappointment:

> What was he to write about the events of this morning? 'My sister Daphne made a gooseberry tart and told me that she was going to live on the outskirts of Birmingham'? Could that possibly be of interest to readers of the next century?

The endeavours of the local history society are scarcely more promising. The highlight of old Miss Lickerish's photograph collection is a picture of a goose sitting up at the tea table ('of little historical interest') and tape-recordings of village events prove curiously lifeless. 'Perhaps,' Tom speculates, 'we were all flattened out into a kind of uniform dullness these days, something to do with the welfare state and the rise of the consumer society.' He is, however, too intelligent to remain content with that commonplace. Something, he knows, is eluding him. 'One wonders,' he asks, 'what we are failing to record now that future historians will blame us for?'

It is her sophisticated consciousness of this uncertainty which leads Barbara Pym to her peculiarly neutral technique. She rarely judges (irony for her consists less of saying one thing and meaning another than of saying nothing and meaning a lot) and scarcely seems even to shape her material. The consequence, paradoxically, is a vivid sense of how we live now. If anything is picking up the neglected fragments which future social historians will seek, it is probably novels like this.

Beneath her inconsequential surface detail, in fact, Barbara Pym is here offering an artistic apologia. Such action as there is has less to do with private emotions than with professional choices. Emma gradually abandons anthropology in order to become a novelist. The 'few green leaves' are finally the symbol of the living details which readers still unborn will one day pluck from the mixed bouquet of fiction.

Ian Cochrane's *F For Ferg* sets out to tell us precisely those things about country life that Barabara Pym omits. His village is violent, bawdy and proudly proletarian. When the Fergus of the title, a middle-class outsider whose father manages a textile factory, attempts to befriend the local lads he is subjected to a prolonged campaign of mockery and humiliation. This cruel bucolic comedy is, however, only half of the book. The narrator, Fergus's sole ally, has a schizophrenic brother. His tragic struggles, though seen through simple eyes, are handled with genuine sympathy and understanding. Such a mixture of tones and topics is highly promising. Unfortunately the novel's early strengths are

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betrayed by the stage-irishry of some of the characterisation and by the melodrama of the conclusion.

Stefan Heym is a writer whose career bears more than a passing resemblance to that of Brecht. A refugee from Hitler in 1933, he enjoyed considerable success in America. But in 1952, during the McCarthy persecutions, he returned to East Germany. Since then he has shown a very Brechtian ambiguity in his relations with the state. His fierce criticism of Stalinist repression and his fervent support of the artist's right to free speech have led to his expulsion from the Writers' Union. His last five books have all been first published in the West, *Five Days In June* and *Collin* still being banned in his own country. Yet he remains a Marxist and continues to live in East Berlin.

Collin, just published in the author's own English translation, reflects this ambivalence. Though some of its most sympathetic characters retain their faith in the theory of surplus value, it contains a savage attack on the geriatric oligarchy which rules the GDR. Hans Collin, an elderly novelist in a cardiac ward, is determined before he dies to record the secret crimes of the 'old comrades network'. But the theme is not Solzhenitsyn's heroic sense of the writer's duty, owed to mankind, to preserve historical truth from revision and suppression. Instead, Heym is concerned with the writer's duty to himself. Only accurate confession and honest statement, he suggests, will keep the creative arteries open. Heym's own literary heart and lung system is clearly in good order and, within its carefully drawn limits, this is a skilful and courageous book.

Olivier Beer's *Pas de Deux*, by contrast, is one of the silliest novels it has ever been my misfortune to read. Supposedly an anguished account of youth unemployment, it concerns two French adolescents who revenge themselves for failure in the civil service entrance exams by robbing their examiners. This amiable fantasy having exhausted itself within 30 pages, the author promptly borrows the plot of *Bonnie and Clyde* to fill up the volume. If a book as tatty as this can win the *Prix Dorgelès* then, frankly, anything can.

David Pryce-Jones

Myth of the Fifth Column

Collar The Lot! by PETER & LENI GILLMAN *Quartet* £8.95
A Bespattered Page? by RONALD STENT *Deutsch* £8.95
Prisoners of England by MIRIAM KOCHAN *Macmillan* £15

By 1939 something like 50,000 Jews had found refuge in England from Hitler's Germany. By definition, all had perceived correctly what lay in store in the Europe of the Third Reich. The process of reaching safety had bound them to England, where the average citizen seems to have recognised them for the victims they were, while also welcoming the commitment and skills they brought. As it turned out, many of these refugees were distinguished in their fields, and contributed significantly to this country at the time and later. The governing class, however, responded quite differently. Bernard Wasserstein's study *Britain and the Jews of Europe 1939-45,* published last year, laid bare the inhumanity and mendacity of the major departments of the civil service towards Jewish refugees. In *Collar The Lot!* Peter and Leni Gillman elaborate one aspect of official policy in this respect, the internment of aliens in 1940.

Internment of aliens had been an unpleasant fiasco in the first war, and the Home Office had decided in principle that the experience was not to be repeated. This proved another of the tranquil illusions of the years of appeasement. During the autumn of 1939, special tribunals sifted through aliens by way of precaution. Germans and Austrians considered actual or potential Nazis were classified into Category A, and several hundred were interned immediately. Categories B and C were almost entirely Jewish refugees, and for the time being subjected only to various petty restrictions.

The German blitzkrieg of May 1940 called for the reappraisal of Allied leadership at every level. German successes in the campaign were all too evidently due to the superior training and equipment of the Wehrmacht, combined with the incredible ineptitude of British and French generals and politicians, but to admit this openly only aggravated the crisis of confidence. Truth was shuffled out of sight in favour of self-serving fantasies. It was all the fault of scapegoats, of the 'Fifth Column', who might be traitors or implanted agents or even German paratroopers disguised as nuns. The Gillmans give a good example of the way this nonsense was manufactured by someone who should have known better, Sir Nevile Bland, the British ambassador fleeing from Holland. On 30 May he was broadcasting on the BBC:

> It is not the German or Austrian who is found out who is the danger. It is the one, whether man or woman, who is too clever to be found out. That was apparent in Holland — where, as I have already said, many of the obvious fifth columnists were interned at the outbreak of the war — but where there still remained a dreadful number at large to carry out the instructions they had from Germany.

In France (upon which the Gillmans scarcely touch) similar pitiful excuses for military and civil rout were invented. It was this collapse on the continent that sent Whitehall and Westminster stampeding after Sir Nevile Bland. Those pressing for all aliens to be interned included the War Office, the Joint Intelligence Committee, which, as Wasserstein had already shown, made just about every possible misappraisal on Jewish matters throughout the war, the secret Home Defence Executive which was under Lord Swinton and escaped responsibility to Parliament, and finally and especially, the Secret Services, or MI5. The Foreign Office preferred its usual role of pointing out the foolishness of everyone else, though honourable mention must be made of R. E. Latham, a fellow of Al Souls and later killed in the war. In a series of minutes written for the Foreign Office, it wa his considered opinion that Jews were being interned thanks to MI5, which was incompetent and possibly sinister.

Churchill himself took the line that it wa better to be safe than sorry; at least for a whil he appears to have regarded the myth of th fifth column as a useful focus for popula anxiety. Only the Home Office, appalled b the administrative burden of internment an afraid of adverse comment, prevaricated which has left the Gillmans in the position o making a hero of the Home Secretary, Sir Joh Anderson, in fact the quintessential type ot of a C.P. Snow novel, lacking ever characteristic except an innate belief in ac ministration as such.

So Categories A and B and C, Nazi an anti-Nazi alike, were despatched forthwith the Isle of Man — it goes without saying that was only right and proper to arrest Nazis ar British fascists of every stripe, though the ve small number of actual spies among them h escaped back to Germany on the eve of t war. After 10 June, when Mussolini al declared war, the 19,000 Italians in Englan

John Jackson

JUSTICE IN SOUTH AFRICA

"The essence of South African justice leaps from the pages . . . even if the general pattern is familiar, the experiences which John Jackson recounts are important and unbearably vivid." *Geoff Lamb,* **Guardian**

"A harrowing, crushing indictment . . . I urge you to read his brave, searing, horrible book."
Graham Lord, **Sunday Express**

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restaurateurs and waiters for the most part, were also rounded up to join them. Faced with Operation Sea-Lion, as the German invasion of England was code-named, the government decided to go one better and deport internees. Canada was rail-roaded into accepting them. The first ship to sail, the liner *Arandora Star,* hitherto used for luxury cruises, was torpedoed on 3 July and, grotesquely, several hundred assorted Nazis, anti-Nazis, Jews, Italian civilians and British seamen lost their lives. Five ships had sailed to Canada, and a sixth, the *Dunera,* to Australia, very nearly also being torpedoed on the way, before common-sense asserted itself. Categories B and C had been released by the end of 1941, though the unfortunates in Canada and Australia mostly remained there in internment till the end of the war. Meanwhile three White Papers had been issued, hundreds of committee meetings had been held, and there were no apologies. Major William Scott, in charge of the *Dunera* party, and who had countenanced brutality and theft on board was severely reprimanded after a court-martial. Two of his senior NCOs were also charged, and one sent to prison for theft. By 1942, 519 Jews had received compensation for stolen property to a total of £5,900, or about £12 a head.

It may be argued that nothing but panic and confusion were to be expected at so dire a moment. In itself, that is a poor reflection on our pastors and masters, and their capacities. Were they really too ignorant and incompetent to be able to spot the difference between Nazis and their victims, locking them up in the same camps? Was it not rather that they had been conditioned by the climate of the period, and believed that the persecution of aliens must be justified because they wanted to do it?

The Gillmans have traced a good many internees including *Arandora Star* survivors, and the result is vivid and readable, though lacking the depth of Wasserstein's work. At one point, moreover, sensationalism has overpowered them. In May 1940, Anna Wolkoff, a White Russian, and Tyler Kent, a cypher clerk at the American Embassy, were arrested for communicating information to the Germans. They had been caught red-handed. The Gillmans claim that Wolkoff and Kent were victims of 'a political conspiracy' but they have to resort to give-away phrases like 'It is logical to suppose ...' or 'It was stunningly convenient of Kent and Wolkoff to have committed their act of treason at that moment'. Wolkoff and Kent were passionate anti-semites, sympathisers with German war aims, and the notion that they were framed or somehow exploited in order to facilitate the internment of other fascists and suspects, aliens included, goes far beyond the evidence available.

Those congenitally prone to see conspiracy underlying events must be impressed by the fact that until now there was no general account of internment in 1940, and now there are two coincidentally. Ronald Stent acknowledges several of the same sources; sometimes he has spoken to the same people and relates the same anecdotes. His tone is less strident than the Gillmans', and therefore deadlier. For instance he brings a greater sense of shock to the unnecessary and invidious manner in which Jews and Nazis were transported together to Canada and Australia, and to the hateful journey of the *Dunera* in particular.

Personal involvement is easy to explain: Mr Stent was himself interned one Sunday in June 1940. A refugee from Berlin, he had been in England since 1934, and had married his childhood sweetheart in 1936. He describes how he was then held in the winter quarters of Bertram Mills' Circus near Ascot, before being removed to the Isle of Man. Among others whom he was to recognise there was his own father, who had escaped from Germany only after the *Kristallnacht* of 1938. He fills in details of the Jewish and anti-Nazi internees, a number of whom had already learned about totalitarianism in Dachau and Buchenwald: Rudolf Olden, former editor of the liberal paper, the *Berliner Tageblatt,* author of one of the standard books about Hitler, and destined to drown in the *Arandora Star*; Franz Borkenau, author of *The Spanish Cockpit,* and much admired by George Orwell; Fred Uhlmann, son-in-law of Lord Croft, the Under-Secretary of State for War; Kurt Schwitters the Dadaist; Rawicz and Landauer who played piano duets, as well as professors, artists, industrialists, simple religious Jews, socialists, trade unionists, ex-members of the International Brigade, Catholic and Protestant clergymen.

Even after other ministries and departments had accepted that wholesale internment of aliens had to cease, MI5 continued to defend it. Rather as Latham of the Foreign Office had done in his day, Mr Stent wonders whether there was some dark motive behind it, which would have allowed the real traitors to carry on their work unhindered, while simultaneously ensuring that those on the proscribed Gestapo List had been rounded up and concentrated, presumably for handing over in the event of Nazi victory. He dismisses all such notions. Like the Gillmans, he debunks the fifth column scare, and concludes that military and bureaucratic failures, xenophobia and an irresponsible popular press had been quite sufficient to whip up the muddle. He expresses his forgiveness for what happened like this: 'Had there been even a handful of real saboteurs or traitors among these thirty thousand men and women, then justification for their indiscriminate internment cannot be gainsaid; and at the time it was accepted as such by most of the refugees.'

German prisoners of war were also deported to Canada, on the grounds that they might stage an uprising in the event of Operation Sea-Lion being put into practice. The longer the war lasted, the less convincing this sounded, and by May 1945, 195,500 German prisoners were in England. In the absence of a peace treaty, they remained here, their numbers reaching a high-point of 402,200 in September 1946 as overseas prisoners were brought back. Miriam Kochan has interviewed a score or so, as well as English nurses, interpreters and education officers who supervised them. She quotes them at length. What might have been a fascinating and moving insight into the meeting of opponents in these circumstances is bogged down in repetitious and routine detail. Everything recorded is all too obvious. The drama of the individual for once does not match the drama of the mass. Seven hundred and ninety six British women married prisoners. Twenty thousand or so Germans volunteered to stay here, the remainder were all finally repatriated in 1949. Tens of thousands of those in Russia had to wait until 1955.

Julian Barnes

A Foreign Code

Somerset Maugham by TED MORGAN *Cape* £8.95

The Scandal of Syrie Maugham by GERALD McKNIGHT *W. H. Allen* £6.95

'He became his admirers,' wrote Auden of Yeats, describing how the death of a poet removes from him any last control over how he and his work are viewed:

> Now he is scattered among a hundred cities
> And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections,
> To find his happiness in another kind of wood
> And be punished under a foreign code of conscience.

Writers, as they grow older, anticipate and fear the foreign code of conscience that awaits

Joseph Hone

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them; they speculate on ways of prolonging their existence in the minds of at least one more reading generation; and they worry lest they will be remembered, if at all, not for what they spent their life being most serious about — their work — but for a stray scandal, a sexual peccadillo, a famous disease, a mad wife, or a senescent run-in with the law. On the evidence of the last few years such fears are well justified.

Eliot, with the diligent guardianship of his widow, fended off an official biography. Auden made the same request, and also asked for his letters to be burned. Both wishes proved futile, with Spender and Faber & Faber (Auden's enriched publishers) leading the ranks of non-burners; only Geoffrey Grigson said that, if that was what Auden wanted, then that was what he would do. Before a few years had passed, all the versions of his poetry which Auden had repudiated were made freshly available to the public, and biographies were announced (the next one, by Humphrey Carpenter, draws largely on the letters, thus packaging two disobediences at the same time).

Now it is Somerset Maugham's turn. Like Auden, he directed that his letters be destroyed, and set an example by burning quantities of his own material (including all the journals from which *A Writer's Notebook* was selected). Like Auden, he instructed his literary executor, Spencer Curtis Brown, that no biography should be written of him. Down the years, however, Brown thought better of it, and tries to justify his change of heart in a pompous introduction to Ted Morgan's book:

> Many people may think I have acted wrongly. Only one man could have given me a clear decision, and he was the man who had sufficient confidence in me to place his reputation in my hands.

Deeply misplaced confidence, as it transpired; since Maugham spent many years impeding the work of wholly sympathetic biographers, Brown's hypothesis that, had he lived a bit longer, he would have cooperated with Morgan's largely unsympathetic work is both foolish and incredible.

Of course, one shouldn't ascribe too much purity of motive to Maugham and Auden. Both had things to hide — often, it seems, rather similar things. Unexpected parallels between Maugham and Auden suggest themselves throughout Morgan's book. Both were homosexuals who were not at ease with that condition (Auden as a Christian, Maugham as an Edwardian gentleman); both had heterosexual lapses and made marriages of convenience (Auden, honourably, to save Erika Mann; Maugham, honourably, to legitimate a child, and also dishonourably, for emotional cover); both were largely unhappy, grumpily selfish, disturbed by their unlovability, and not good at producing happiness in others; both became locked into rigid routine, down to the timing and dosage of their evening martinis; and both declined into an unenviable old age which kept others nervily on edge (at the Villa Mauresque visitors waited for Maugham to tip the lobster on to the floor or crap behind the sofa; at Christ Church dons fled the senior common room rather than be buttonholed by an uninterruptable Auden playing the same tape as the day before).

Ted Morgan rightly — if crudely — notes Maugham's desire not to have his cover blown:

> Maugham, who had spent most of his long life prying into the affairs of humankind, did not want his own affairs pried into.

Which invites one to speculate on Mr Morgan's own motives, since his biography, which is as thorough as saturation bombing, shows little generosity to its subject and not much enthusiasm for his work. Normally, the formal justification offered for a tell-all biography is that it will drive the reader back to the writer's work. This is hardly likely to apply here, and in any case seems a dubious thesis: I doubt if Sean Day Lewis's recent biography of his father has compelled much reprinting down at the Hogarth Press. Nowadays the life as often as not becomes a substitute for, not an encouragement towards, the work. In addition, Morgan's biography is so crammed with plot summaries and reprints of reviews that by the end you feel as if you have read not just Maugham's life, but his work and a Critical Heritage volume on him as well. *Somerset Maugham* will produce not new readers of the short stories but further articles on the life; not reprints of *Ashenden* but further volumes like *The Scandal of Syrie Maugham,* a well-intentioned attempt to get the facts right about an ill-advised marriage 63 years ago which shouldn't still be concerning us.

Ted Morgan's biography does, at least, contain a great deal of information: enough for the reader to form his own conclusions about Maugham's character, and, perhaps, to award him more sympathy than his biographer does. Though he finally became rich and famous and envied, his life was only sporadically cakes and ale. As a writer, he had to work hard to overcome his lack of a naturally easy style, and to accommodate himself to what he called 'the miserable poverty of my imagination'. As a man, he suffered an early expulsion from the garden with the death of his mother; for his entire life most of his sexual acts were illegal; he came to believe (however mistakenly) that he was destined always to be the lover and never the loved; he came to believe (however mistakenly, but a conclusion not rare among homosexuals) that love and sex were divergent rather than convergent drives; and at various times quite appalling things happened to him. While he was tending the dying Gerald Haxton, for instance, the latter would day after day struggle back into consciousness solely in order to vilify Maugham with a ceaseless, inventive 'stream of filth' (babbling, for instance, about what fun he'd have when that fellow Maugham was dead and out of the way) — thus confirming the writer's long-standing belief that for 30 years Haxton had secretly hated him for imposing the burden of his love.

During Haxton's recurrent outbursts, the hospital nuns would try to lead Maugham away; but the writer always refused to move. This is entirely typical. Maugham never flinched from anything; his view of reality may strike some as cynical, but it was no unearned cynicism: his conclusions were drawn from an admirably stubborn study of real life. No episode in the book seems more characteristic, or more admirable, than Maugham's invitation to A.J. Ayer to visit the Villa Mauresque in 1961. Just as a believer might in late life summon a priest to be reassured about the treasures of heaven, so the 87-year-old Maugham summoned the positivist to be reassured that there was no after-life. Ayer duly obliged, though not without a tricky moment over dinner when Beaverbrook — as old as Maugham, but an ardent after-lifer — also demanded his opinion on the matter.

Maugham judged his own work unflinchingly too; indeed, perhaps the reason why Morgan seems at times impatient with his subject is that the writer had already come to conclusions about himself (and expressed them more neatly) which the biographer was still groping towards. 'I know where I stand,' wrote Maugham. 'In the very first row of the second-raters.' He also knew that his was the kind of talent which attracts readers rather than literary critics. Readers like stories; critics can take them or leave them alone. Readers like clarity, lucidity and plain style; critics prefer metaphor, symbol, complication, and dense, bizarre or bad style. Readers like everything to be there on the page before them; critics truffle after absences. Only two of the 30 British and American writers asked to contribute to a *festschrift* for Maugham's 80th birthday accepted. Morgan seems to think the main reason was Maugham's personal unpopularity and unfashionability; but Raymond Mortimer (one of the two) put it at its simplest: 'I don't myself think that there is a great variety of things to say about Maugham.'

Ted Morgan has been, in his time, both a Frenchman and an American, which explains various mistakes about English life (the happiest of these is a reference to Arthur Marshall as 'the Cambridge don'), and the odd eyebrow-raising remark like 'But it was one of the traditions of the British Crown, dedicated as it was to producing an heir, to be horrified by homosexuality'. *Somerset Maugham* will be useful as a source-book for the originals on whom Maugham based his characters; and also, I guess, as a quick guide to Maugham in bed (though one should pause first and consider the novelist's statement: 'My own belief is that there is hardly anyone whose sexual life, if it were broadcast, would not fill the world at large with surprise and horror'). Those impelled towards this book for prurient motives should stand in a bookshop and flip quickly pages 278, 352, 467, 474, 523, 538 and 593. Maugham himself would no doubt be appalled, but not surprised, at the idea of his biographer getting rich from revealing that writers are, in sexual matters, as lustful, boasting and disappointed as other people. My particular villain of the book is David Posner, an American 'prize-winning poet' who at 17 seduced (that's how he puts it) the 69-year-old Maugham. They had a brief affair, and Maugham subsequently paid Posner's way through Harvard. Now that Maugham is dead, Posner freely disparages him to Morgan, both as a writer and as a lover — 'He wasn't particularly virile, but he was full of lust.' Perhaps this is envy talking, since the chances of anyone in the future asking what the 69-year-old Posner was like in bed are doubtless remote. But it is, truly, a foreign code of conscience. Maugham has had the misfortune not to become his admirers; he ha become his detractors instead.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Andrew Clements

Crop Rotation

As recession bites more and more deeply into the record industry, new releases are likely to become less adventurous, less willing to stray from the popular and proven repertoire. But locked up in the archives of at least the older established labels is a wealth of material whose recording costs have long been recouped, and much of which would enrich immeasurably the current selection of performances of the standard classics. EMI's resources are probably the most extensive, and there are encouraging signs that they are beginning to be exploited. There are rumours of forthcoming reissues of the legendary violinist Ginette Neveu and of Artur Schnabel's Beethoven recordings, while in the present crop of releases there is a collection of performances recorded by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten between 1942 and 1952 (EMI RLS 748, two records).

Almost all of the material here — two Britten song cycles, folk-song arrangements by Britten, Grainger and Copland, songs by Schubert and Purcell — was recorded again for LP by the same artists. But these transfers (the sound is not good, though tolerable) remain fascinating, both as a historical record of the early sound of the finest British tenor of recent years and as a demonstration of the way in which his voice inspired Britten's approach to word-setting. Both the *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* and the *Holy Sonnets of John Donne* were recorded (in 1942 and 1947 respectively) within two years of their composition; the greater confidence of the Donne settings, their depth and seriousness, betray not only the influence of Britten's recent tour of the concentration camps at the end of the second war, but also that they followed the first string quartet, the Serenade for tenor, horn and strings and *Peter Grimes*. The performances of both cycles have a freshness and spontaneous intensity not found in the more studied later recordings; revealing to hear, also, how Italianate Pears's voice once was. The first disc of the song cycles is the more essential, but the folk songs and the snippets of Purcell and Schubert are matchless performances. It is a treasurable issue.

The contents of *The Art of Dinu Lipatti* (EMI RLS 749, four records) are more familiar; in different couplings nearly all the works here have been in circulation very recently. But the collection is a useful compendium and wonderful memorial to Lipatti's art, to the pianist who arguably more than any other combined the most flawless technique with the highest artistry. Technique is never paraded for its own sake; simply it's always equal to the demands the interpretation sets.

Apart from two discs containing the Chopin Waltzes and the Grieg and Schumann Concertos available separately, this set is comprehensive; there are scrupulous performances of Bach (including the B flat Partita), Mozart's A minor Sonata sounding darker and more feelingly etched than anywhere else on record, the definitive version of Chopin's B minor Sonata (the slow movement more hymn-like and comforting than one might have thought possible), and a pair of concertos. Chopin's first piano concerto was recorded in 1948 with an unknown orchestra and conductor; Mozart's C major concerto K467, dashingly brilliant, was taken from a public concert conducted by Karajan in August 1950, Lipatti's last appearance with an orchestra. Perhaps the most salutary reminder from this set is in the accompanying notes: had he lived, Lipatti would now be only 63, younger than many of the greatest pianists of today.

An *Eroica* Symphony conducted by Furtwängler from 1952 and Franck's D minor Symphony recorded in 1954 by Guido Cantelli are the two latest issues in World Records 'Retrospect' series (SH 375 and 376 respectively). The Beethoven is something of a disappointment; compared with other Furtwängler performances of the symphonies (including this one) there is a distinct lack of urgency. The Vienna Philharmonic plays superbly, but there is a sense of routine so rare from this conductor in almost everything, though the funeral march has a restrained nobility. Cantelli's Franck is a different matter. Lately World Records has released a number of Cantelli's recordings, both with the Philharmonia and (as here) with the NBC Symphony Orchestra: the excitement and extroversion of Cantelli's approach did not always suit the music he conducted, but the Franck Symphony, very easily made to sound laboured and strenuously thematic, stands up well.

There continues to be no shortage of new records of Mahler, though little sign of adventure among them. The Seventh Symphony badly needs a new, definitive version, and the Eighth continues to be such an enormous undertaking that the companies are understandably loathe to risk it. But I fear that Zubin Mehta's account of the Third and James Levine's of the Ninth will not add substantially to the sum of our knowledge of the composer. Levine's Ninth is the more honourable failure, and he is not helped by an unflattering recording which adds a rasping edge to the playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra (RCA RL 03461, two records). The problem is his choice of tempi, particularly for the final Adagio, which is taken slower than I would have thought possible. It almost works; a greater beauty of sound (the recording again) and the austerity would have seemed more human. But as the symphony stands, the final apotheosis makes all that precedes shallow and unnaturally forced. Levine will no doubt go on to conduct a very great performance of this symphony; at present, however, the sum of the parts does not make a coherent whole. I have more doubts that Mehta will ever come to have the measure of Mahler. His approach is too piecemeal; the supercharged moment is more important than the longer view. The Third begins splendidly: taut and immediate; it's only as the structure expands and the first movement becomes more discursive that Mehta's grip falters and the ensemble of the Los Angeles Philharmonic begins to seem rather slipshod. The long, slow finale is brought serenely home, but too much before has seemed unidiomatic and contrived for the whole to be recommended (Decca D117D2, two records).

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Daniel Barenboim's collection of all the Mahler songs suitable for baritone and piano provides alternatives for many songs more familiar in orchestral clothing (EMI SLS 5173, three records). Whether or not one can bear to be deprived of the luminous scoring of, say, the *Rückert Lieder,* or whether or not one wants all of these songs sung so seriously and intensely by a baritone as Fischer-Dieskau sings them is a difficult problem to resolve. All admirers of fine singing will want at least to hear these performances; Barenboim's accompaniments are vivid, less indulgent than his conducting of Mahler might lead one to expect. The singer's response to the texts, to the poems from *Das knaben Wunderhorn* and the assortment of sources (including his own pen) that Mahler drew on for his earliest efforts at song-writing, is a miracle of intelligence and vocal shading. The *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen,* each song completely and immediately characterised, would serve as the best example of the quality of this set. I hope the records will be released separately.

Brief mentions also for a quartet of recent orchestral releases. There is little to choose between versions of the *Pastoral* Symphony (Beethoven's, not Vaughan Williams's) from Muti (EMI ASD 3854, with the Philadelphia Orchestra) and Giulini (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 266, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic). Both are fine, both are unec-centric. Giulini's is perhaps the more self-consciously beautiful and projected, Muti's the more natural and exuberant. Neither is especially well recorded by today's highest standards. Giulini's disc of Debussy and Ravel with same orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 264) is again outgoing, as though the most poetic of European conductors had acquired a transatlantic brashness since he took over the Los Angeles orchestra. I prefer *La Mer* to be regarded as less of an orchestral showpiece, but Ravel's *Mother Goose* and *Rapsodie Espagnole* are both appropriately perfumed. Pinchas Zukerman's account of the Brahms Violin Concerto (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 251) becomes a competitor in a very high-quality field, and does not sweep away everything in its path. Zukerman's playing is never less than sweetly lyrical and the Orchestre de Paris plays well for Barenboim, but a hard Teutonic centre is lacking to the performance; Brahms's labours must be taken seriously and never dissolved into figuration.

Among this week's contributors:

J. P. STERN is Professor of German at University College, London. His books include *Hitler: The Führer and the People* and *A Study of Nietzsche.*

DAVID PRYCE-JONES's most recent novel was *Shirley's Guild.* He is currently working on a study of the German occupation of Paris.

JULIAN BARNES'S first novel *Metroland* was published earlier this year.

JOHN COLEMAN & BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE are on holiday.

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Theatre

Christopher Edwards

Whip in Hand

Hedda adapted from Ibsen by CHARLES MAROWITZ *Roundhouse*
Mama Dragon by FARRUKH DHONDY *ICA*
Pal Joey by RODGERS & HART *New Half Moon*
Krapp's Last Tape & Endgame by SAMUEL BECKETT *Arts Theatre*

The first of Marowitz's many bold and intelligent initiatives in *Hedda,* an adaptation of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler,* is a conservative one; by the use of a black curtain he has sealed off the theatre's round stage and created a three-sided platform which allows everyone to see what is going on. The other initiatives are radical and directed towards realising the work as a dramatisation of Hedda's subconscious. Gradually the dark, enveloping drapery takes on an actual role and suggests itself as a nightmarish projection of her repression; it hangs oppressively at the rear of the stage and parts to send out two of its agents, a pair of genteel vultures in the form of her husband's maiden aunts.

Marowitz seems to have drawn on a remark made by Ibsen in a letter where he points out that Hedda Gabler is more her father's daughter than her husband's wife. It's undeniable that she has an obsession about her father's pistols, that she suffers from an unfulfilled desire 'to have power over another human being' and that Tesman, the man she has married, is something of an old auntie himself underneath his academic's grey flannel. Hedda is obviously frustrated by his conventional ambitions and nurses an illicit desire for Tesman's rival and her old admirer, Eilert Loevberg. Marowitz has noticed that there is something lurking under the threshold of Hedda's consciousness which is being held back in a characteristically 19th-century Norwegian way, so he has liberated it and brought Hedda Gabler up to date with her modern Scandinavian descendants! The result is a psychological case study on Ibsen's heroine which concentrates on her sado-masochistic, voyeuristic and incestuous tendencies. In the opening silent scenes you see General Gabler forcing his daughter to prostrate herself before him, only to have this archetypal relation give way to another as she, whip in hand, rides around the stage on his back.

The important question is whether this modish-sounding interpretation works on stage, and the answer is that it does, despite the occasional piece of crude sensationalism, as when Hedda bursts on to the stage mounted, rodeo-style, on an enormous phallic flint-lock pistol. Agutter, too, proves to anyone who had doubts that she can hold the stage and portray a powerful adult personality.

Not surprisingly Marowitz disrupts the narrative continuity of the original and in fact adopts something like a cinematic technique, portraying the action through short scenes in which the actors play their piece, separate and rearrange themselves ready for the next one. Some of the scenes are run along side each other and at times Hedda, while acting in one and looking anxiously over her shoulder at another, steps across and joins in the one she's been eavesdropping on. There is a touch of Fellini about some of the staging and during the cleverly interpolated brothel scene, where Hedda acts out some of her fantasies, a strong hint of Bunuel's *Belle de Jour.*

But the adaptation works for the theatre and on one significant and memorably funny occasion Marowitz makes Hedda play the role of director as she takes Loevberg and his mistress through their histrionic parting. All through the play Hedda dreams but cannot act; here she mouths their parts with them, standing behind them and mimicking their gestures and petulantly prodding them into position when she thinks they have got it wrong. It is a perfect illustration of someone living out a vicarious existence of high passion, and it is also typically modern in that it approaches strong feeling through irony. The trouble is that the nearest thing to tragic effect that Ibsen's bourgeois naturalism produces is an intensity of melodrama, and it is precisely the melodrama that Marowitz resists by this sort of comic deflation. It's true that the play is full of theatrical life and inventiveness but whether you are left at the end with anything more than admiration for Marowitz's witty and triumphant technique is open to doubt.

Farrukh Dhondy's first stage play is set in the offices of a community project in Brixton where various juvenile radicals live a comfortable subsidised existence producing a newspaper for blacks, obeying the law (even when it appears to oppress them) and looking forward to the next Inner City grant. The senior juvenile radical is a thirty-ish liberal in canvas shoes whose contagious timidity is what the arrival of Flank, a black soldier from Northern Ireland, is designed to destroy. Flank is not alone — he comes armed with a stilted repertoire of violent slogans and a pre-war flame-thrower called Mama Dragon which he intends to use at a National Front march. Flank is a loony who doesn't care if a few friends die along with his enemies, but there is method in his madness. His prescriptions are meant to fulfill the prophecy of the Thames 'foaming with much blood' so that these cosy radicals will have no choice but to join in a Black Liberation Army and defend themselves in the urban insurrection which he hopes will erupt. The trouble with Flank, and with most of the other characters in this play, is that they are representatives of socio-political attitudes with hardly any theatrical life breathed into them. Their emotions are woodenly expressed and easily forgotten and it is left to the pungent reggae songs which punctuate and comment upon the action to generate intensity.

Doubts raised immediately after the start of the revival of the *Pal Joey* are as follows: are the routines slick enough and the voices near enough a decent pitch to avoid giving the impression that the production is hiding behind the elements of self-parody and earnest amateurism which Hart included in the script? At about the point where the winsome Joey (Denis Lawson) dives into the cradled arms of his chorus girls and grins into the audience, all reservations get shelved and the rest of the show is a delight. Highpoints include a superb performance of the famous 'Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered' by Vera (Sian Phillips). The only frustration is that the cast have to squeeze their song and dance numbers into such a tiny space, but with a bit of luck they won't have to wait long before receiving an invitation to move it all to some larger stage in the West End.

There is space only to mention and recommend the two Beckett plays, directed here by the author and now transferring to the West End until 24 August.

Television

Julian Barnes

Dr Bacchus & Co

Riposte of the week occurred during *Inside Story*'s report on prostitution, *On the Game* (BBC-2). A Hamburg whore, whose breasts were a tribute to the silicone industry (enclosed in fishnet, they looked like something off the wall of an old-style Italian restaurant), was asked how she attracted customers. You could barely see her face, such was the size of her bosoms, and I guess the interviewer was being a trifle disingenuous. But the lady was well up to it. 'I try to lure them with my eyes,' she unsmilingly replied.

The *Inside Story* film was assiduous (but then I can't see anyone *under*-researching a sex-documentary), visually more or less explicit, but verbally reticent. 'What do I get for 30 Marks?' *'Bleep.'* this went out hard upon the death of the critic who first used That Word on the box; and it seemed strange that, so many years after Tynan's *mot,* people aren't allowed to talk about their trade on television in the way they talk about it among themselves. This bit of playing safe was typical of a generally rather unbold programme. As if typecast, the pimps came across as pretty vile, the punters as unappetising, while the whores looked glazed with overwork (far from having escaped the routine of the factory assembly line, they were locked into a rougher one). The price of a *bleep* seemed surprisingly cheap; in Bristol, £5 in a car, £7 'inside' — and that, presumably, before the pimp's cut. It also seemed an unremittingly bleak way of life, whether you were sporting in a pool with a pudgy American businessman, or parading your wares in the 'Chicken Ranch' licensed brothel in Nevada (promotional slogan: 'We raise the best cocks in the world') One unintentional nice touch was the name of the Hamburg venereologist who checks the girls from the nearby Eros Centre: he was Dr Bacchus.

I don't normally have much sympathy with those who ritually complain about the *Song By Song* series. If you choose to watch Davic Kernan turning your favourite Billie Holiday numbers into a toothpaste commercial, ther that's your look-out. But having brough similar lurid hopes to *Jacques Brel is Aliv and Well and Living in Paris* (BBC-2) an been rewarded with the same ashen-mouthe disappointment, I now understand; one jus can't believe one's favourite songs are a fragile as they are. This off-off-Broadwa cheapo-surreal homage to the great Frenc singer was originally a feature film; and th presence of Brel himself, lurking sardonical in a theatre box, made the desecration of h work all the more inexplicable.

At one point, Brel himself sang 'Ne N

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Quitte Pas' almost as he might have done on stage: cigarette in hand, beer in front of him, polo-neck sweater, and no gestures at all except in the huge, mobile mouth, the pulsing vein in the temple, and the oceanic voice. The idea of 'acting out' Brel's songs is about as bright as TV's presentation of closedown poems, where the text is kitted out with background music plus colour pix from the Guildford Camera Club. The couple of dozen American hoofers in *JB* didn't sing badly; it was just that the translations they were using were appalling, the band feeble, and no song emerged without thoughtful 'improvements' like that of being hollered out by three fellows hanging in a state of crucifixion.

A despairing button-punch produced the BBC *News,* where Hurricane Allen — not to be confused with Hurricane Higgins — was carrying on wrecking the Caribbean. Allen, if you ask me, is a pretty unbutch name for a cyclone, and points to dire things in years ahead: I mean, are we going to be able to take seriously Hurricane Clive, Hurricane Lesley, Hurricane Howard and Hurricane Robin? West Indian TV, whose report from Kingston Jamaica was recycled by the BBC, obviously agreed: the reporter they had sent to cover the storms was called Canute James.

The big story since this column went off the air wasn't, of course, the departure from the Television Centre creche of D. Wilcox, but the unexpected slot-swapping between *Match of the Day* and *The Big Match.* Whatever the reason for the switch (was there some longstanding agreement which was finally being honoured?), it's going to be hard making the transfer of associations demanded of us. No longer on a Saturday night shall we gaze trustingly at Jimmy Hill, knowing that he knows the results from which we have carefully shielded ourselves, and then wincing and curling as the brute teases us with some riddling comment like 'We start with a very exciting game'. (This means, for the uninitiated: Don't despair when your side goes one down, because Jimmy's in effect announced that there are going to be a lot of goals; on the other hand, get ready to despair thoroughly if they go two down — this could be one of those matches in which they get buried.)

Perhaps it's because he understands his enormous power to wreck an entire hour of our lives by giving away too much beforehand that Jimmy seems so glint-eyed and confident about everything. Compare the gentle, wise, but slightly defeated air of Brian Moore: he knows he can't bring us anything unexpected, unless it be a clip of a loony continental goalkeeper or a dog peeing on the ball. So now that the two of them are life-swapping, will Moore begin to sport a more teasing, optimistic air? Will Hill adopt a more ruminative, beard-scratching manner?

We shall see as the season unfolds; though frankly this column doesn't really approve of it unfolding as early as this. Why, the Australian cricket team has only just got here, and *Face the Press* (Tyne Tees) has only just interviewed Ian Botham. Guy the Gorilla, as he is/was known to his team-mates, gave an engaging, thoughtful performance from that seat which is always placed a mysterious coconut-shy's length away from the trio of hip-rubbing journalists. The Fleet Street team was captained by the last editor of the NS, giving a vividly memorable impersonation of someone who not only knows about but is actually keen on cricket.

David Mercer

DON TAYLOR remembers the playwright who died 8 August 1980

Perhaps I might be permitted to say a few words about David Mercer who died in Israel last Friday.

At this distance of time, it is perhaps difficult to comprehend just how much of an impact David had on the television world of the early Sixties. I was myself a newcomer in that world, but the intelligence, the wit and the intellectual solidity of his writing was something quite new. Television had certainly not seen anything like it before. The accepted ideologies of that time asserted that the television play was the short story form of drama, that naturalism was its unquestioned style, and that pictures mattered more than words. All these ideas David shattered by writing plays of epic dimensions, on European themes, in a precise and heightened language which in its best moments achieved a characteristic Mercer poetry not matched since on television and only rarely in the theatre.

Undoubtedly he made great demands on his audience, expecting them to know what he was talking about; and it is worth remembering that this often led him to some pretty rough handling from newspaper critics. The now universally admired *A Suitable Case for Treatment* came in for a few raspberries when it was first transmitted, as a glance at the files will make clear. But he had nothing at all of the journalist about him, and consequently was never particularly favoured by the kind of critic who likes to see television in his own image, and prefers simple one-dimensional plays to the subtle structures David created.

I knew him really well only during the first four years of his career, but during that time, our relationship as writer and director was more or less ideal. We were continually in each other's houses, we worked together, talked together and ate together. Perhaps more significantly, we were both artistically totally free. We did exactly what we wanted to do, without any third party interfering. Nothing we offered to the BBC was ever turned down, and we could follow exactly where our artistic instincts led us, even when, as in some of the plays of 1963 and 1964, they led us into strange country. David did all the leading. The leaps into the darkness of a new kind of drama were entirely his, and there was hardly anything which didn't work out exactly as his imagination had conceived it. I felt very lucky to have the opportunity in my mid-twenties of working with such a man. Times changed in 1964, and, with the arrival of Sydney Newman at the BBC, it was no longer possible to work in such a way. But we had a tremendous four years, and neither of us forgot them.

From that point David moved on into the theatre and the cinema, and to wider and well deserved national and international fame. In the cinema, which he loved, it took him a long time to find his way. *A Suitable Case for Treatment* was highly popular and helped his reputation a good deal but it was certainly a simplification and vulgarisation of the original play. *Providence* was an altogether happier experience, clearly demonstrating his personal signature in a way *Morgan* does not.

The theatre plays of the late Sixties and Seventies are likely to remain the basis of his reputation, if only because theatre plays are still more seriously regarded than television plays. *Flint, After Haggerty, Cousin Vladimir* and the underrated *Then and Now* demonstrate the progress of his thinking perhaps more clearly than the televison plays of that time do. All his work for whatever medium is a model for a writer who calls himself a socialist, demonstrating that the first requirement is a passionate concern for the truth, in society, and in the hearts of men. Politics mattered to David and were his subject because of what they do to people. His own socialism, born in the passion and deprivation of the Yorkshire working class, was at base very simple: a belief that people ought to be respected and looked after and that socialism is the most likely way to bring about that happy and long-sought state of affairs.

His theatre plays are well known and distinguished, but for me, he was never quite as technically adept at handling the theatre as he was at handling television. Of television drama he was a great master, and an innovator of the first order. It is I suppose an irony that a man of such intellect and integrity should do so much of his best work for a mass medium whose intellectual and cultural standards are shaky, to say the least, and where originality is not the most prized quality.

Other, lesser dramatists have received greater adulation, but he almost alone has shown us that television drama can grapple with the most serious intellectual and philosophical issues of the day, and make remarkable plays in the process. Most of his work is in print, and a good many productions — with three or four aching gaps — are preserved on tape or film. He spoke to us for 19 years, and looking back at his work, what he said seems to me to become richer, not poorer, as the years pass. He wrote very many television plays, few of which were less than his best work. Historically speaking he is the first major English dramatist to have emerged from television.

He was a tremendous man to know. He was full of fun and delight in life, and in discussion with him, you always felt in the presence of a really first-class intellect. He always seemed to know more about contemporary events, and interpret them more subtly than any other Englishman I ever met. Speaking personally, what I learned from him, about plays, and about the times we live in, is beyond measuring.

On one occasion early in our relationship, I expressed surprise to him that he didn't plan his plays more carefully beforehand. Not long out of Oxford, I was accustomed to the careful analysis of plays, and had met in television a world in which detailed synopses were the rule of the day. But David seemed to have no more than a starting point, and beyond that only the vaguest idea of where he was going. His reply was very simple and to the point: 'If you know what a play is about before you start, there's no point in writing it.'

Writing plays for David was an intellectual and spiritual adventure, and it's that quality of unpredictability and daring which makes his work of lasting interest.

In recent years I saw him only now and then, when we immediately took up a conversation that seemed never to have stopped. It has stopped now, and it seems quite appalling that I shall never see him again.

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Films

David Wilson

Small Mercies

Edinburgh Film Festival *17-30 August*
Rossellini season *ICA*
The Consequence (X) *Gate, Notting Hill Gate; Gate, Mayfair*
Caddyshack (AA) *Warner West End 2; ABCs Fulham Road and Edgware Road; Studio, Oxford Circus; Scene, Leicester Square*

The Edinburgh Film Festival, the 34th of that ilk, starts on Sunday. Seekers after cinema should make tracks: there is nothing on the commercial front to detain them. Edinburgh has no interest in Art, but over the years (latterly under the aegis of Lynda Myles) has artfully contrived to assemble a clutch of offbeat movies, celebrating eccentricity and exploitation with the same straight face. Too straight on occasion, with large claims being made for little talents. Still, with the prospects for cinema currently so dire, we should be grateful for Edinburgh's small mercies. Reflecting the times, this year's event looks — on paper — slightly under par. The critics' sampler was *The Secret,* a mood thriller from Hong Kong which trails a reputation difficult to appreciate. Directed by Ann Hui, this convoluted piece, out of Chabrol by Nicolas Roeg, concerns a murder (messy) which is not what it seems. Flashbacks reveal the truth (messier), and a preponderance of red props signalling like traffic lights reveals the director's more than nodding acquaintance with the said Mr Roeg's Venetian mystery *Don't Look Now.*

There will, though, be better things in Edinburgh. Fruitless to make paper predictions — and Edinburgh always throws up a surprise or two — but the festival has Polanski's *Tess* (of the d'Urbervilles) and new films by Ken Loach, Alexander Kluge and favourite son Samuel Fuller. This year's candidate for retrospective enshrinement is Joseph H. Lewis, a largely forgotten B-feature director of the Forties and Fifties. Distant memory recalls a dark and brooding visual style in such films as *Gun Crazy* and *The Big Combo.*

A decade of Edinburgh festivals is celebrated at the ICA cinema in September. Meanwhile this cinema, currently undergoing an ambitious conversion which will accommodate video, launches a Rossellini season with *Stromboli* and *Voyage to Italy.* The first is of course Rossellini's gloss on the scandal manufactured out of his affair with Ingrid Bergman; retrospectively, that is the least interesting thing about it. Both films show Rossellini trying to break the mould of neorealism, and to break away from its facile rhetoric of miracles amid the slums. They are experimental in the truest sense, almost works in progress (no wonder an actor as polished as George Sanders seems so uncomfortable with the plain patterns of *Voyage to Italy*). Looking at them now, one begins to see that Rossellini's preoccupation was not to elevate the ordinary event, but to show the ordinariness of the extraordinary. His miracles are those of every day.

Special pleading is the prerogative of minority causes, but *The Consequence* pleads cliché. This is a gay love story (or *Love Story*), German-made (by Wolfgang Petersen) but mostly set in Switzerland, concerning an actor and his young lover. The actor, serving time for seducing a minor, swears undying love after the boy has spent a hot night in his cell, but a brief idyll in a lakeside apartment ('Stop it, Thomas, what will the neighbours say?' as they kiss and cuddle on the balcony) is stopped by society when the boy is whisked off to reform school for safe keeping (eh?). Here the regime is *Scum* Swiss-style, complete with beefcake house-master whose way of expressing displeasure is to stub out cigars on the backs of his charges. The pair finally get together again, but by now the boy is a victim of convention and a candidate for the psychiatric clinic. The film makes some dire ironic play with inversions of idiom — the boy's father remonstrates with the actor for being a bad influence on his son. But when the idiom is soap and sentiment, it matters not what sexual language is spoken. The straight-faced solemnity of this tract does its argument a disservice

If you think golf can be funny, drive off to *Caddyshack,* the latest in a thin grey line of American sophomore comedies. A stew of raw one-liners and overcooked sight gags, these jejune antics happen in a golf club whose greens are plagued by a winsomely animated gopher (played, say the credits, by Chuck Rodent). The animal is marginally more prepossessing than the human flotsam masquerading as members. The only interest, which is stretching a point, is the obsessively scatological tone, a sample being a chocolate bar tossed into a swimming pool and mistaken for a turd. Directed (the best joke) by one Harold Ramis.

Weekend Competition

No 2630 **Set by T. A. Sweetman**

Two of our more bright-eyed and bushy-tailed suppliers of comp suggestions (T. A. Dyer and John Sweetman to whom half each of the customary token fee) were on to Tom Lehrer's recently announced disinclination to write songs for the Eighties like a shot. They're both sure that compers could do it for him with no sweat. So, songs in the style of Lehrer, please, up to 16 lines max., with a contemporary flavour, by 29 August.

No 2627 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Scenes from Dickensian novels about the horrors of Thatcher's Britain.

Report **By Al Fresco**

Well spotted E. O. So intrinsically Dickensian is Thatcherian Britain that the entries practically wrote themselves. Honourable mentions for Gerry Hamill, Nina Hibbin, P. M. G. Shiel, Michael Gibson, T. Griffiths and Nancy Mattausch (no, no cash, just the glory) and eight nicker apiece for the following.

'Now, what we want is, Shocks. Give these fellows nothin' but Shocks. A short, sharp Shock is what these gentlemen want. Shocks, sirs, this is the principle. And this I say most compassionately.'

The scene was a bored, monotonous vault of an assembly, in which considerable numbers of former delinquents, now considerably large and adult, sat in considerable thought. The speaker's rising insistence was revealed by the ripple of his ample jowls. It was revealed by the low grumble in his throat. It was revealed by his stern, owlish, but kindly stare, now directed to one side.

'Boy over there,' said Mr Modshock severely, 'who is that boy?'

'Sissy Stevas, sir,' explained the boy wetly.

'Sissy is not a name. Call yourself Norman. Give a definition of a hooligan.'

'A short-cwopped, wicious, hob-nailed quad-wuped.'

'Exactly,' beamed Mr Modshock.

BILL GREENWELL

'Ah, Mas'r Davy,' sighed Mr Peggotty, 'things be terrible — I'm gormed if they ain't. With all this dumping from the Continong, it ain't worth us native fisherfolk goin' to sea. They've closed down Ham's Retraining Centre *and* Mrs Gummidge's Day Centre — poor lone lorn creetur! In fact, Mas'r Davy,' he continued, his eye rekindling with the kindly warmth with which it had glowed throughout my childhood, 'if it weren't for Little Em'ly I don't know how we'd manage.'

I had felt a certain delicacy about enquiring into the unfortunate girl's present circumstances, and this intimation that she was now the family bread-winner rejoiced me.

'I don't know quite what it be that it do do,' mused Mr Peggotty, 'this firm she runs in Yarmouth — but it pays right han'some. Britain's only growth industry she calls it, my darlin' girl. "Norfolk Broads Unlimited" — have you heard of it, Mas'r Davy?'

MOLLY FITTON

'Provided for, but not by the State,' that was Mrs Thatcher's expression; and Mr Micawber found himself unable to disagree with her. He rose to his feet and gave his own view of the matter:

'Income twenty pounds, expenditure twenty-one pounds, result — misery; income twenty pounds, expenditure seven and sixpence, result — even more misery . . .'

TIM HOPKINS

Squeers entered the room and his eagle eye immediately settled on Smike

'You, boy!' he thundered in a terrible voice 'what have you got in that bag?'

'Dinner money, sir.'

'Lying imbecile! I'll thrash you mercilessly,' hissed Squeers, grabbing the bag and emptying the contents on the floor. The shower of banknotes that issued forth drew a stunned silence from the class, which Nicholas finally broke.

'You see, sir,' he ventured, 'to bring the necessary cash in coin of the realm would need a wheelbarrow at least, so this wretched youth has no alternative but to carry the several hundred pounds for a week's sustenance in the form of banknotes. Fortunately it rarely happens that he also has to accommodate the book . . .'

'Book? Which book?' snarled Squeers.

'The Lower Third,' said Nickleby proudly, 'is joint owner of a textbook. Soon, we hope to add a ruler to this hoard of treasure . . .'

JIM ANTHONY

Armed with an infinite paucity of ideas allied to an infinite pertinacity in the proclaiming of them, Mr Podsnap had proved an irresistible candidate for a Tory peerage; and it was with that glorious consistency of disdain with which the true Conservative squares up to all issues that have failed to convince him of their reality that Baron Podsnap now rose to confound the Opposition. 'Am *I* unemployed? Are *you* unemployed? Our wives, sons, daughters — servants — are they unemployed? Is there anyone we know — anyone who could conceivably find himself seated at our dinner tables, who is unemployed And yet we are told there are millions of these persons. I don't admit it! I suggest to you that these are simply persons who have no other job in life except asserting that they haven't got one and should be heartily ashamed of having no better way of fillin their time.'

MARTIN FAG

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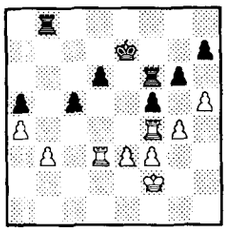
Tony Miles

Chess

No 193 **Korchnoy's break-through**

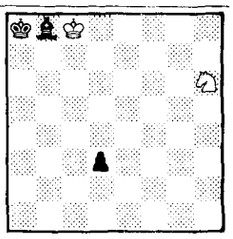
By now both Candidates' Semifinals are well under way. Korchnoy is playing Polugaevski in Buenos Aires and Portisch is playing Hübner in Abano Terme in the north of Italy. On my way back from southern Argentina I popped in to visit the Korchnoy camp who were, at the time, understandably elated at having taken the lead. The first three games had all been drawn. In the fourth game came the first break-through. After a boring first session the game was adjourned in the diagrammed position. Polugaevski (white) had just played **1.P-R5** and offered a draw. Korchnoy declined as his sealed move . . . **R-N5!** does give him slight chances based on his queenside majority. Of course with accurate play and/or correct analysis the position is a draw but, as was evidenced at Baguio, the Soviets can be remarkably (even amateurishly) casual over harmless-looking endings. Play continued **2.RPxP, RPxP; 3.K-N3?** — the first mistake. White can draw trivially with 3.RxR, RPxR; 4.PxP, PxP; 5.K-K2 (the relevant direction), K-K3; 6.P-K4, P-B5 and now even 7.K-Q1 and Black can make no progress.



Already, at this point, Michael Stean, Korchnoy's second, who had written the position off as a draw and planned a visit to the theatre, became suspicious and abandoned his evening's entertainment. **3. . . K-K3; 4.PxPch, PxP; 5.RxR.** Very mysterious that White should first apparently try to avoid this exchange and two moves later play it. **5. . . RPxR; 6.R-Q1, P-Q4; 7.P-R5, R-B1.** 7. . . K-K4 may look more natural but often the K will be needed on Q3. **8.P-R6, R-QR1; 9.R-QR1?** — the second, and probably fatal, error. Amusingly, without analysing Polugaevski's continuation at all, the Korchnoy team had reached the almost identical position except with the WRP on R7 instead of R6. That they considered to be winning for Black. Here, though, White has the defence 9.R-KR1! which, according to Korchnoy,should be sufficient. The point is that after 9. . . K-K4; 10.R-R6 White will continue with K-B2-K2 and the mate threats (P-B4ch) will gain precious time. **9. . . K-Q3; 10.P-K4.** Now if 10. R-R1, K-B3. **10. . . BPxP; 11.PxP, P-B5! 12.K-B4, BPxP; 13.K-K3, K-B4.** By now Korchnoy was, as ever, in time trouble. In retrospect he thought . . . PxP might be simpler. **14.R-B1ch, K-N4; 15.PxP, RxP; 16.K-Q3.** Polugaevski had deliberately headed for this position thinking it to be a simple draw. As soon becomes apparent it is far from simple, and also far from a draw. **16. . . R-R3! 17.R-QN1, R-R6ch; 18.K-Q4.** 18.K-Q2 is also close eg 18. . . K-B5 and now 19.P-Q6, R-Q6ch; 20. K-B1 (K-K2, RxP is easy), K-B6 and if 21.R-N2, R-R6 (or 21. P-Q7!? RxP; 22.R-N2, hoping for R-KR2; 23.R-B2ch! R-Q8ch!) or 19.R-B1ch, KxP; 20.R-B8 (else R-QB6), P-N7; 21.R-Q8ch (K-B2, R-B6ch), K-B5; 22.K-B2 (else K-N6), R-R7ch; 23.K-N1, K-B6; 24. R-B8ch, K-N6; 25.R-KR8! R-QB7! 26.R-R3ch (R-R1, R-B8ch), R-B6; 27. RxRch, KxR; 28. K-R2, P-N8=Qch! 29.KxQ, K-N6 wins. **18. . . R-QB6!!** A lovely finesse — White is zugzwang. If 19.K-K5/4, K-B4 rounds up the QP. Most interesting are 19. (a) R-N2 and (b) P-Q6. (a) 19.R-N2. Now the obvious . . . K-R5 is met by 20.P-Q6, R-B7; 21.P-Q7! and if RxR 22.K-K3. So 19. . . R-B5ch! 20.K-Q3 (if 20.K-K5, K-B4), K-B4! 21.RxP, KxP and, surprisingly, thanks to the poor position of his rook, White is lost. Eg 22.R-N1, R-B6ch; 23.K-Q2, K-B5 or 22.K-Q2, K-B4; 23.R-N2, K-N4; 24.R-QB2, P-N6! winning. (b) 19.P-Q6, K-B3! 20.K-K5, R-Q6; 21.R-B1ch, K-N3! 22.K-K6, P-N7; 23.R-QN1, R-Q7; 24.K-K7, K-B2 wins. White can improve with R-QN1 but then comes the brilliant coup . . . R-Q7!! 23.RxP (forced), K-B4! and the threats of . . . R-Q4ch and R-K7ch account for the d-pawn leaving a won R+P v R ending. (My sincere thanks to V. Korchnoy for his assistance with this analysis!) Polu's choice is equivalent to capitulation (and spoils a marvellous finale!) **19.R-Q1? P-N7; 20.R-QN1, R-B7; 21.P-Q6, K-B3; 22.K-K5, P-N6** resigns.

Problem 193

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 27 August.

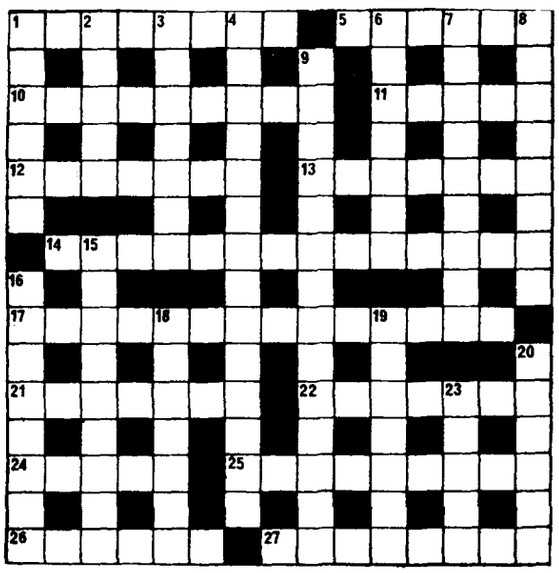


Solution to problem 191

1.QxNch! QxQ; 2.N-K7ch, K-R2; 3.NxQ and now Black played the obvious 3. . . P-N7 but after 4.N-N6!! had to resign.

Weekend Crossword 1353

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1353, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 26 August.



ACROSS

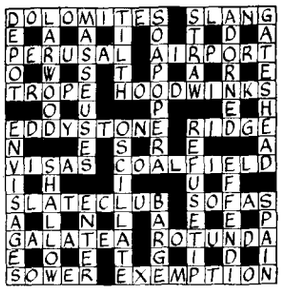
1 Little general (3,5)
5 Second-class journeys for married women (6)
10 It is a slip to drop one in front of relations (9)
11 Misuse of the law as terror strikes (5)
12 Disappointment for county after reason for cancelling service (7)
13 Serious listener with a comfortable place to sit (7)
14 Things for the beach, and packets are distributed in a seaside resort (6,3,5)
17 Give us something hot, with both parties in different sad parts (4,3,7)
21 Caught someone mad in idle talk (7)
22 Best of all die in obscurity with a friend (7)
24 College window (5)
25 Make dry with dry heat circulating inside (9)
26 The sweet endlessly court Mr. Cooper (6)
27 Lack of industry ends with lies being spread about (8)

DOWN

1 The struggle in the night caught us sleeping (6)
2 Damp as Nigella? (5)
3 Without the wine this piece of land would be unhealthy (7)
4 Succeeding in getting a degree? (6,3,5)
6 The left are about to fight for recognition (7)
7 Rides about with a couple in ruinous state (9)
8 Ghosts which may give the street creeps (8)
9 Need I rush round in agitation, being short of food? (14)
15 Spun about on a circle, being generous (9)
16 Though looking fine at first sight, copies have to be revised by us (8)
18 Let tart turn into gossip (7)
19 Pedal which has altered (7)
20 Schools which give the learner agreement about this in France (6)
23 Permission to depart (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1351



Prizewinners to No 1351

James MacLean (Jarrow)
W. B. Kirk (Westcliff-on-Sea)
Arthur H. Stanton (Bristol)

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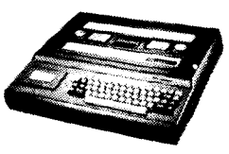

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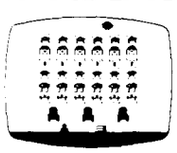

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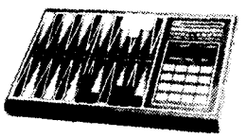

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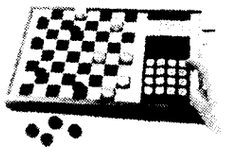

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